

The Elks

Magazine



MARCH, 1936

EASTERN EDITION

IT'S A SUPER-SAFETY TIRE!

The new
U.S. ROYAL
Master

WITH CENTIPEDE GRIP

IT'S DE-SKIDDED
Hundreds of rubber fingers grip the road with each revolution of the wheel

...A MILEAGE MAKER TOO!

THE TREAD WEARS LONGER BECAUSE



IT'S FLEXIBLE



IT HAS DEEPER NON-SKID

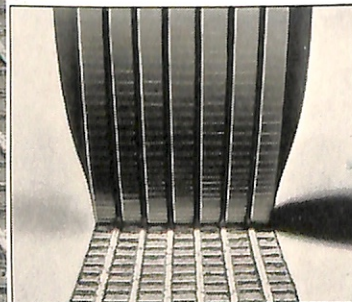


IT'S BUILT OF TEMPERED RUBBER

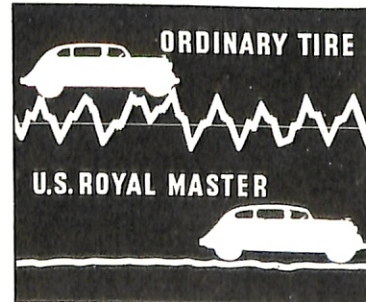
The flexible tread conforms to the road, instead of resisting it, greatly reducing abrasion and thereby increasing anti-skid mileage.

The U. S. Royal Master has an extra thick tread of tough Tempered Rubber . . . permitting the deepest non-skid ever built by "U.S."

Compounded with special "U.S." toughening ingredients, Tempered Rubber is world famous for extra dependability and mileage.



STOPS SKIDS, both forward and side The patented De-Skidding process puts hundreds of sharp-edged tread units on the road, wiping it dry with a windshield-wiper-blade action and stopping forward and side skids.



FLOWING, SILENT RIDE Tire vibrations (greatly magnified), as recorded on a supersensitive machine, show how U. S. Royal Master rides easier. It steers easier, too . . . responding instantly to the faintest touch on the wheel.

You'll be safer on Royals



LOOK FOR
U. S. ROYAL MASTERS
ON THE CARS OF
THE 1936
ELKS' TOUR

SEE YOUR U. S. DEALER FOR A DEMONSTRATION

United States Rubber Products, Inc.

When Doctors "Feel Rotten" They Do This in Bed!



ARTIE MCGOVERN

Formerly Director of New York Physicians' Club. National Amateur Champion Boxer at 16! Learned science of training in prize ring days, but realized, after opening first gym, he should know more about workings of human body. So he studied at Cornell University Medical Clinic, where he was also physical director for 8 years.

Today, at 44, he is a model of physical perfection—stronger and more active than the average college athlete.

NEW YORK'S busiest physicians lead a mighty hectic life. Nights of broken sleep—days of constant streams of office calls—home, hospital, and clinic visits—delicate operations—never-ending, nerve-wracking duties they can't dodge or postpone. How do they keep so fit? What do they do for *themselves* if they feel "under the weather"? They don't go in for crazy food fads—or for "workouts" that leave one gasping and exhausted!

No, they are too wise to fall for that sort of thing. So here's what many of them do. They follow the rules for health now so clearly described in Artie McGovern's new book. They not only go to McGovern's famous gymnasium in New York, but asked him to become Physical Director of the New York Physicians' Club!

Why So Many "Big Shots" in ALL Fields Do What "America's Greatest Trainer" Tells Them

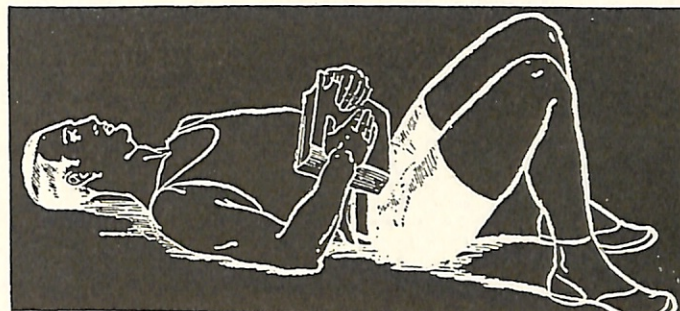
The names of the well-known people who keep fit the McGovern Way read like the list of "Who's Who in America." In addition to those whose pictures appear below are Arthur Murray; the radio star James Melton; opera singer Mario Chamlee; Walter Lippmann; Hon. E. J. McGoldrick; the author Arthur C. Train; Whitney Warren; Vinnie Richards; Leo Diegel; William Sloan; "Rube" Goldberg; Grover Whalen; Maureen Orcutt; Paul Whiteman; and hundreds equally prominent.

And now Artie McGovern has put his whole simple method into a new book—for the average business or professional man or woman; not for the chap who wants big muscles or track-meet prowess.

Are You Overweight—Run-Down—Constipated?

Do you feel run-down? Are your muscles flabby? Are you overweight or underweight? Do you take laxatives? Do you sleep poorly? Do you wake up tired? If your answer to one or more of these is "Yes" then you owe it to yourself and your family to try the McGovern method.

In his new book Artie McGovern gives you the "debunked" truth about exercise. He explodes popular fallacies. He shows you how to increase vigor, feel better,



The exercise shown above (which may be done while you are lying in bed) is one of the best you can do! On the other hand, such stunts as bending over and touching your feet with your hands are some of the WORST you can do—on a par with trick food fads and crazy diets. McGovern's book shows you how to keep fit WITHOUT such drudgery or exhausting exercise!

end constipation, and either lose weight or put on solid pounds—how to get more enjoyment out of life. Your particular problem (depending upon the type of person you are) is treated as such. He doesn't make you give up smoking, cocktails, juggle calories or vitamins. He has no pills, trick reducing salts, tonics or apparatus to sell you. His famous Method is based upon sound scientific principles; the result of 20 years' experience in planning physical culture programs for people in all walks of life. Thousands have paid up to \$500 for the McGovern course—now so clearly described and illustrated in this great new book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit"—the very same method relied upon by thousands of doctors and men important in public life.

SEND NO MONEY

Try the McGovern Method on THIS DOUBLE GUARANTEE

You need send no money with the convenient coupon below. When postman hands you your copy of Artie McGovern's new book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit," deposit with him only \$1.98, plus few cents postage. If, after five days' reading, you are not convinced that the McGovern method is just what you need and want—you may return it and your money will be refunded at once.

Or if, after applying for 30 days the principles given in Mr. McGovern's book, you don't feel like a new person, vibrant with glowing health and new-found "pep"—if you aren't thoroughly convinced by actual RESULTS that it is working wonders for your body—you may even then return the book for a full refund. Clip and mail coupon—without money—NOW! SIMON and SCHUSTER, Inc., Dept. 53—386 4th Ave., N. Y. C.

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BABE RUTH

—What the McGovern Method did for him

	Before	After
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Weight	256	216
Neck	17½	15½
Chest	43	40
Expanded ...	45½	47
Hips	47	41
Thigh	25	23
Calf	16½	15

WOMEN

Some of the famous women who have taken the McGovern course are Maureen Orcutt, Julia Hoyt, Babe Didrikson, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Hannah Williams.

A Few of the Well-Known People in All Walks of Life Who Keep Fit Through the McGovern Method



Gene Sarazen



Raymond T. Moley



Johnny Farrell



Jack Dempsey

SIMON and SCHUSTER, Inc., Dept. 53 386 Fourth Ave., New York City

Send me a copy of Artie McGovern's new illustrated book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit," which tells in complete detail the methods Artie McGovern uses in keeping doctors and famous men and women in all walks of life up to par. When postman delivers it, I will pay \$1.98, plus few cents postage charges.

It is distinctly understood that, if I care to, I may return the book within 5 days. It is also understood that, if putting Mr. McGovern's method into practice does not, within one month, produce the actual results I want, I am to have the privilege of returning the book. In either case my \$1.98 is to be refunded at once.

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☐ Check here if you are enclosing \$1.98 herewith, thus saving postage charges. Same refund privileges apply, of course.



The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT
AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice,
Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare
and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken

the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate
good fellowship. . . .—From Preamble to the Con-
stitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

JOSEPH T. FANNING
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Managing Editor

J. J. A. McGuinness
Comptroller

MARCH 1936

This Month

THIS March we are featuring a story by Thomas Walsh entitled, "The Footprints," a mystery story which centers around Detective Connihan and the Carmagnac furs.

John R. Tunis has written an article tempting us to root through old bureau drawers in search of a gold mine. His account, in "These Are the Good Old Days," of some of the finds made in

ordinary attics may cause a premature spring cleaning in many homes.

The editors are also happy to present a posthumous story, "Pitchman," by Arthur Chapman whose writings are doubtless familiar to many of the readers of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

"The Farmer Takes the West," is an article about the immense organized agricultural industries on the West coast. Many of our readers who are interested or engaged in truck farming

in the East will be surprised at the tremendous undertaking involved in feeding our country.

Other features in this issue to which we wish to call attention are a Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler which appears on page 4, and the Good Will Tour announcement which can be found on page 27. This month's cover design of a sail fisherman making a strike in southern waters was executed by John Floherty, Jr., an artist new to our pages.

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A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler

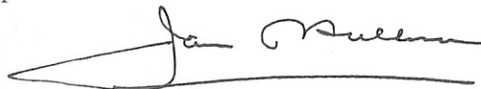
My Brothers:

It is with genuine pleasure that I can safely estimate from the reports thus far received from many of our subordinate Lodges in every section of the country, that there is definite indication that our Brothers have responded nobly and generously to the call for support issued by me at Columbus upon my elevation to the position of Grand Exalted Ruler.

A fine spirit of enthusiastic devotion to the principles and activities of our Order was unmistakably demonstrated in the success achieved with the Joseph T. Fanning National Initiation Class. The recent Grand Exalted Ruler's Elks Anniversary Class Initiation has surpassed my fondest hopes, not only in the large number of new initiates but in the character and calibre of the initiates themselves. A detailed report and tabulation embracing the entire country will convince all of the soundness and virility of our subordinate Lodges and of our great institution.

This is due in no small degree to the reinstatement of unaffiliated Elks and particularly to the renewed interest of our membership in general as evidenced by the excellent reports of the financial condition of our Lodges, as a result of the decrease of arrears in dues.

My Brothers, this is splendid work. Keep it up, not only during the remainder of my term, which is fast coming to a close, but thereafter. With such spirit our Order will continue to prosper, will enlarge its beneficent activities in the various communities and make us prouder than ever before of our membership.



James T. Hallinan,
Grand Exalted Ruler.

The Footprints

by Thomas Walsh

*Illustrated by
Ronald McLeod*

THE snow began to fall about three. In the solid low grayness that hung over the city it appeared suddenly, out of space, heavy flakes that came gently down as if poured forth from the hands of a mournfully playful Genesis just over the rooftops. It fell for hours, without wind or excessive cold, piling up thickly on the pavements and the roads, and collecting in softly rounded, undisturbed banks against the shallow depth of windowledges. Quiet and white, impersonally tender, it covered roofs and alleys with a brief purity that was stained and smoothed over again calmly, without insistence or hurry, by the steady fall.

At eleven that evening it had not lessened. Flakes slapped up against Connihan's face as he came along the avenue and tiny mounds surged in over the tops of his shoes to melt damply against his ankles. Formed and crystallized against the dark front of his coat, patches of it gave his short figure a kind of burly whiteness. Connihan cursed it without much heart. Under the high golden blurs of the street lamps, under the snow, the quiet house fronts had a queer artificiality about them, and even Connihan, who wasn't an imaginative man, thought that it all might have been a stage set, so secluded it was.

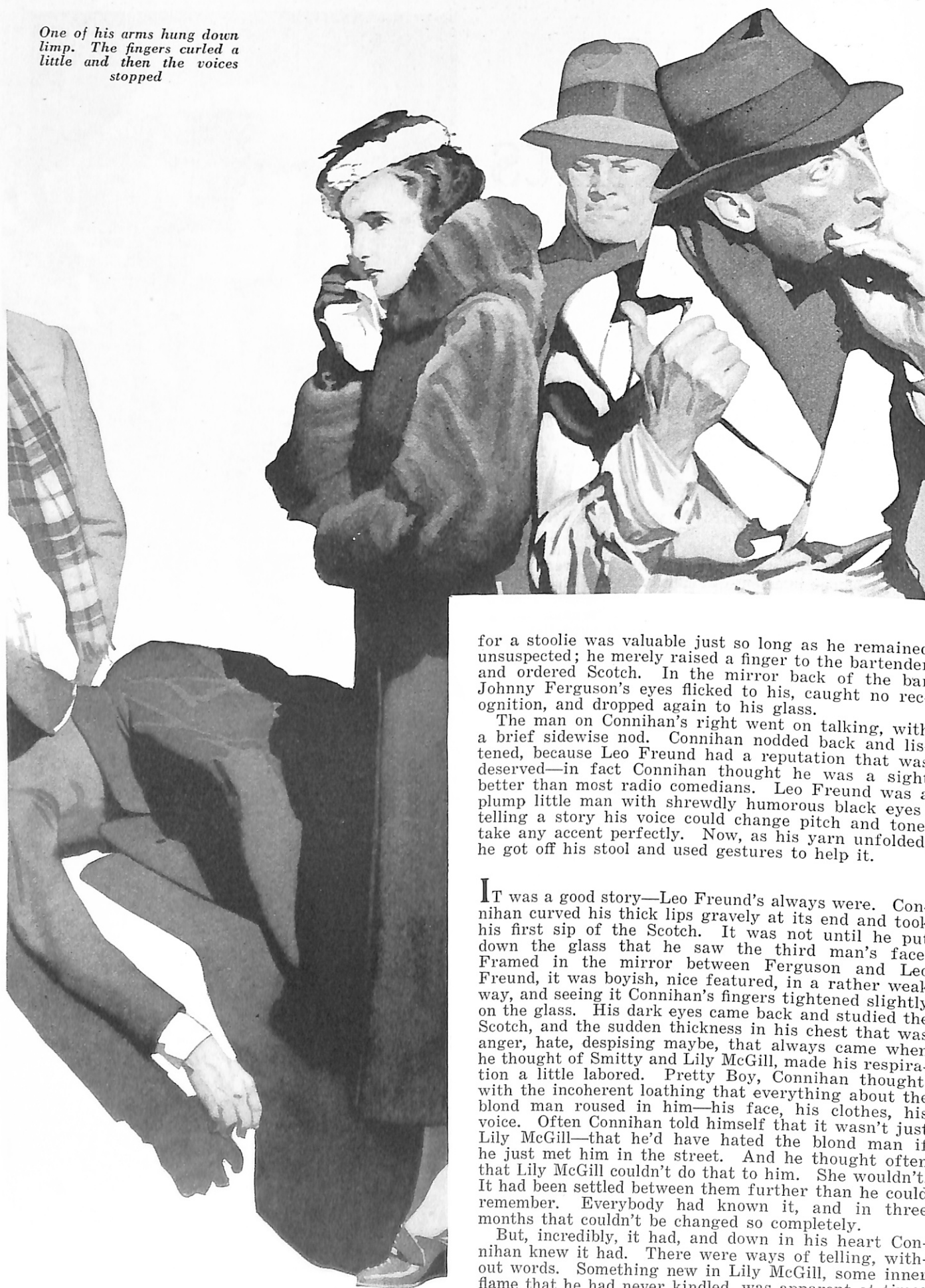
Rossiter's was just around the corner, on the side street. From behind the thick fall of flakes its curtained front windows faced out with a softened illumination, an intimate diffusion of inner cheer. It looked inviting to Connihan, and in the doorway he paused only a moment, slapping snow from his front and sides, kicking it from his shoes. Johnny Ferguson was not in the entrance, but on the phone Johnny Ferguson had said he'd wait inside, at the bar. He'd said it was important, the Carmagnac furs. Connihan grunted and pushed inside, wondering sourly what the little man could know about a hundred thousand dollars worth of hijacked furs. Johnny Ferguson had informed before, but it had always been petty stuff. The Carmagnac furs weren't petty—the recovery of them was, moreover, Connihan's job, and a month of work had seen no progress. So despite his grumbling, he'd left the precinct house after Ferguson's call, for Connihan was a careful man who neglected no chances. Now, as he passed through the restaurant section of Rossiter's to the small bar at the back, he was thinking that what Johnny Ferguson knew had better be good, for the snow inside his shoes had turned his feet sodden and chill, and Connihan didn't feel particularly agreeable. He went past a few morose busboys clearing away dishes from the mostly deserted tables, entered a passageway in back, and emerged from that to the bar at the end—a place so small that it was almost crowded by the three men in front.

The one on the end, the little man with the sharp face and the bright, sliding away eyes, was Johnny Ferguson. Connihan did not speak or nod to him,



He extended his hands before him and screamed

One of his arms hung down limp. The fingers curled a little and then the voices stopped



for a stoolie was valuable just so long as he remained unsuspected; he merely raised a finger to the bartender and ordered Scotch. In the mirror back of the bar Johnny Ferguson's eyes flicked to his, caught no recognition, and dropped again to his glass.

The man on Connihan's right went on talking, with a brief sidewise nod. Connihan nodded back and listened, because Leo Freund had a reputation that was deserved—in fact Connihan thought he was a sight better than most radio comedians. Leo Freund was a plump little man with shrewdly humorous black eyes; telling a story his voice could change pitch and tone, take any accent perfectly. Now, as his yarn unfolded, he got off his stool and used gestures to help it.

It was a good story—Leo Freund's always were. Connihan curved his thick lips gravely at its end and took his first sip of the Scotch. It was not until he put down the glass that he saw the third man's face. Framed in the mirror between Ferguson and Leo Freund, it was boyish, nice featured, in a rather weak way, and seeing it Connihan's fingers tightened slightly on the glass. His dark eyes came back and studied the Scotch, and the sudden thickness in his chest that was anger, hate, despising maybe, that always came when he thought of Smitty and Lily McGill, made his respiration a little labored. Pretty Boy, Connihan thought, with the incoherent loathing that everything about the blond man roused in him—his face, his clothes, his voice. Often Connihan told himself that it wasn't just Lily McGill—that he'd have hated the blond man if he just met him in the street. And he thought often that Lily McGill couldn't do that to him. She wouldn't. It had been settled between them further than he could remember. Everybody had known it, and in three months that couldn't be changed so completely.

But, incredibly, it had, and down in his heart Connihan knew it had. There were ways of telling, without words. Something new in Lily McGill, some inner flame that he had never kindled, was apparent at times



in a glance, a word, a gesture. It was Pretty Boy who had done that. Connihan knew, but he refused to admit to himself that he knew. Lily McGill wouldn't do that to him. For a Pretty Boy, without any insides, just—Connihan breathed heavily. In the mirror the blond man's eyes raised and crossed his sullen stare, and wavered away. For a yellow little sheik, Connihan thought, with the thick hate surging up in him, so that a muscle in his arm quivered spasmodically.

There was something triumphant and enjoyable about the way the blond man's eyes flickered away from his. In the mirror Connihan kept his eyes fixed on him, just to feel that. Leo Freund had started another story but this time Connihan heard only the voice. Even when Johnny Ferguson coughed and moved restlessly at the far end of the bar, he did not shift his gaze. Pretty Boy . . .

Once the blond man looked up at him as if he wanted to speak. But nothing changed in Connihan's contemptuous stare, and he flushed and put some coins on the bar. Then he went out, and in a little while Leo Freund said good night and followed him. Connihan curved his lips. Yellow. He'd always known. But with a girl that didn't matter. If you could grin at them, talk to them—if you had looks—

Tiredly Connihan drank the Scotch, and at the far end of the bar Ferguson coughed again. He looked a little drunk, slightly fuddled; glancing down at Connihan he licked his lips and dried one hand against the side of his coat. Without much interest, moodily, Connihan wondered what he was frightened about. He nodded shortly, and the little man threw down a bill, pulled up his coat collar, and went out after collecting his change.

In twenty seconds Connihan followed him, moving the way he had gone, across the passage to a door at the rear. From the outside of this, iron steps led down to a yard, and to a passage cut through the basement of an apartment house that gave access to the side street. It was the service entrance to Rossiter's, and a short cut used by the patrons of the bar to avoid disturbing

the diners in front. Connihan had used it often; he knew it well.

He knew it so well that it faintly surprised him to see Ferguson still in the passage, dimly visible from the top of the stairs. Hunching his shoulders higher against the thick snow he went down the steps, and when he reached the bottom he saw Ferguson just inside the passageway, at the turn, pulling at an iron gate shut across it. The gate had always been there, but Connihan had never known it to be locked before.

He went ahead, frowning, and against the darkness of the inner passage Ferguson's face swung back to him. Then, though Connihan heard nothing, it swung around again, quickly, as if the little man had been startled. Connihan scowled at him. He was moving forward faster when the cry came.

It wasn't very loud, but it had the thin odd whine of Ferguson's normal voice in it. In a breathlessly terrified surge that voice said: "For God's sake, Smitty! I wasn't—Don't—Don't—"

It broke then and Ferguson turned, making one step. Before his second the shots came, muffled in the thickly falling snow, and Ferguson stumbled against the wall, remained for a moment pressed there in a queer limp suspension, and then toppled slowly forward.

CONNIHAN ran for the passageway, the skirts of his overcoat flapping heavily against his legs. He slipped once and roused cursing, but when he reached the passageway the gate was still locked, and the space behind it dark and vacant, plumed by slowly rising streaks of smoke. Five feet past the gate the passage angled left, so that the stairs and the street beyond were hidden from Connihan's sight. He heard nothing, and the heavy steel lock took his first shot, a second, a third, before it cracked apart in lopsided, jagged fragments that broke loose completely at the lunge of his shoulder. But he had lost thirty seconds, and when he pounded up the stairs to the street he found it desolate and quiet, so that for a moment he stood there, his dark eyes bewildered. Nothing at all might have happened. There was no running figure, no cab slueing away from the curb. In the thick shadows that seemed to stir faintly with the shifting of the wind Connihan saw no deeper shadow. Nothing moved; in the whole street there was only the slow descending flutter of the snow.

Looming up blackly against the wall behind him, with his legs spread wide, his head thrust forward, Connihan scanned the houses. Yet he was not impatient; if there were many doorways, there was only one man. That name still echoed in his ears with a kind of confused ringing, as if the cry that preceded the shots still lingered in the dark passage, kept alive by its last breathless terror. Smitty! Pretty Boy . . .

In the yard Ferguson lay on his side, the snow piling up around his face in delicate, fluffy ridges. Lights had snapped on in an apartment above and his thin figure sprawled out grotesquely across a narrow rectangle that swallowed his cheeks and glittered in his half open and fixed eyes like a film of colorless mica. Connihan went down on one knee, looked closely at him, and then rose without touching him. A window went up somewhere above, and Connihan said: "If you've got a phone use it," raising his head. "Call Police Headquarters. Give them the address and tell them there's a man been killed."

A face that had looked out withdrew quickly. After it had gone he took a cigarette out of his pocket and lit it. Sudden death did not bore Connihan, but it did not excite him; with a man like Johnny Ferguson it did not touch him overmuch. An informer, a whining little punk, living on betrayals—Hadn't he had it coming? Connihan would have shrugged. Leaning against the wall, the cigarette between his lips, he studied the prone man absently, without surprise or sorrow evident in his round, ugly face.

He had stolid shoe button eyes, a square nose, a heavy mouth; he wasn't a good looking man, a fact concerning which Connihan had no illusions. He supposed it was why Lily McGill had never gone for him the way he wanted. But someone like (Continued on page 30)

These— are the good old days!

by John R. Tunis

Illustrated by Howard Butler



LOOK here, would you throw away the morning paper if you knew that it would shortly be worth \$10? Would you chuck out an ordinary beer bottle if you realized it might mean money in the bank? Of course not. Would you hand over magazines to the junk man, discard old timetables and photographs, let your wife rid the house of piles of stuff she calls dust-catchers in her frenzy at spring cleaning time? No, you most certainly wouldn't. Yet that's just what we're doing, you and I, almost every day of our lives.

A plain beer bottle worth money? It may be: or rather the label may be, because there's a chap in Chicago who has built up a good business buying, selling and exchanging beer bottle labels. Folks want 'em. A housewife in Galesburg, Illinois, collects (no fooling, I could give you her name and address) buttons. Yep, just plain buttons. She has about 7,000 now and is going strong. Another collector wants photographs of epitaphs on country tombstones. The point I'm trying to make in my clumsy way is that all round us are everyday things worth something to some collector. Don't gripe, as you read of an old clock or a highboy selling for \$500, because your grandfather didn't have

brains enough to realize these things might be of value. Start picking up the highboys of the future right now. Dig out the things that are valuable or soon going to be. Keep your eyes open. Remember, these are the good old days.

Recently I went into the office of a man who collects Napoleana, which is a two-dollar word meaning anything connected with the Emperor Napoleon. On the wall was a framed copy of the London Times printed the day after the battle of Waterloo. Very interesting it was, too, that square of paper with the small half-column account of a battle that rocked the world more than a hundred years ago. A New York Herald published as late as 1865, containing the news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, was advertised for recently and an offer made of \$1,000. Twenty years from now a copy of your local newspaper published on the day we declared war against Germany may be just as interesting, yet you never thought of saving that sheet, did you?

It's the common, everyday things of today that will be worth money in the future. Andrew Merrell, superintendent of the garbage department of Massillon, Ohio, became a father recently. His jokester employees, anxious to put one over on the boss, searched the attics, cellars and sheds in the vicinity and presented him with the oldest baby buggy in town. He looked at it closely. Underneath was a small brass plate bearing the name of Vergho, Ruhling & Co., who built it about 1871. That buggy proved to be a collector's item worth \$500. The joke is not on the boss.

I know what you are going to say. Horsefeathers! Another one of those newspaper yarns! Such things don't happen to me! Maybe not, but they might happen to you if you ever kept your eyes open. Oh, but I do! Oh, but you don't. Things of value are round you all the time and you don't see them. One necessary quality to dig up a real find is the ability to observe. Mr. Merrell saw what a dozen of his employees missed. He kept his eyes open. So must you.

If the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street was lined with gold coins, most of us probably wouldn't see any because we don't keep our eyes open. This is a fact and I'll prove it. Take the commonest thing in your daily life; a one dollar bill. Look at both sides carefully. Now tell me how many times the figures and numerals one appear. How many did you say? Sixteen times? You are wrong. They appear twenty-seven times. Count and see.

Haven't you handled lots of dollar bills in the course of your lifetime? Naturally, hundreds, maybe thousands of times you've flipped a dollar bill across the counter, yet never once thought of looking at it closely, did you? The things that are with us we never see. Why should anyone pay attention to a one dollar bill? Yet old coins, old bills, old stamps, furniture, brass work, letters, diaries, magazines, books, anything and

everything may be of value. Skeptical, are you? Well, here's one for the book. Collectors pay money for old dime novels, for canes, for early American whisky flasks, yes, even for circus programs. There's a nut who collects circus programs.

Who was the sap who first started putting postage stamps away in a book instead of chucking them out? Search me. His name has never come down to posterity, but he has lots to answer for. Because he really started the collecting craze which has this nation by the ears today. There are hobbies for everything and anything, sometimes they're more than just a pastime. Anxious to know whether his judgment really was good, a well known furniture and print collector of my acquaintance recently picked out a hundred items at random from his collection which had been purchased over a period of years, and sold them. On the average he received one-third more than he paid. Certainly few owners of stocks, bonds or realty can say the same. Can you? I cannot.

So let's keep our eyes open. This gent has some advice that may be useful to you if you would care to pick up odds and ends likely to appreciate in value in the future, near or far. "Fads," he says, "especially fads in collecting, travel in cycles. So do periods, and types or kinds of things folks want to collect. Take furniture, for instance. Years ago mahogany was popular, then interest in that fell off before the war, and pine and maple were given a big rush until the depression. Now I find that mahogany is coming back. If you happen to have an old piece in the attic, a desk, a gate-leg table or a chest of drawers, hang on to it. Next year you are going to find that it is worth a great deal more than it is at present.

In other words, these are the good old days. Now's the time to get busy and dig up stuff that may be worth something in the future, even though it isn't especially valuable at present. What should the seeker look for? What is going to be in demand in the furniture line after mahogany? "Hard to tell," says my friend, "but I believe walnut will be the next thing. In other lines? My guess is that farm implements will come into favor. Positively. By farm implements I refer to the simple, manually-operated tool like the old hand-made scythe or the one-horse plow to which grandma was hitched by the goodfolk of Europe. Complicated farm machinery is displacing this simple agricultural apparatus so fast that it's becoming harder and harder to get hold of, and according to the law of supply and demand ought soon to become a collector's item."

With those words my friend, who like all people with hobbies has a habit of observation (and like all rich persons doesn't mind making a dollar or two out of his hobby, either) hopped a train for a hunting trip in Canada. He returned chuckling. Up there in the coun-

try 24 miles from the station he discovered a one-horse wooden shay in the yard of an old *habitant*. The farmer refused to accept more than \$2 for it, and after taking off the wheels, fastening down the seat, and crating it for shipment, timidly asked for another dollar as he had used finished lumber. Or was that too much? No, my friend allowed it was not. The one-horse shay arrived and was sold recently to a museum for \$150. Yet you allowed the boys to play with that old sled in the barn and they gradually broke it to pieces!

Is everything old you find worth keeping as an investment? By no means, and don't fool yourself that stumbling across collector's items is as easy as all that. It's got to be something which is either sought after, or likely to become desirable in the future. Out in

Wichita, Kansas, the other day, several antiques went begging because no one wanted to clutter up the house. An organ cherished by Mrs. Mary Krum as an antique because it bore a cigar mark left by Abe Lincoln brought only \$4; an old bar expected to fetch a fancy sum because Carrie Nation had once hacked at it sold for less than a dollar.

As a rule, however, an item that has been kicking about your attic for fifty years is worth money, according to R. E. Manley, one of New England's famous country auctioneers. Mr. Manley comes from a family

of auctioneers; his grandfather who died at the age of 94 was 52 years in the business, and Mr. Manley often followed him from place to place as a boy. His own connection with the trade dates back about twenty years when he hired an auctioneer to dispose of his grandfather's property. It was a cold day in the country, the auctioneer was frozen stiff, so Mr. Manley tapped a barrel of hard apple cider. When time for the auction came there was no auctioneer. Therefore Mr. Manley himself had to step front and center. He conducted the auction so well and got such excellent prices that almost immediately he began

to have offers from strangers asking him to act in the same capacity. These offers grew so fast he retired from business and followed in his parent's footsteps.

Don't assume because something has been knocking round the house for years and seems worthless that no one wants it. In this connection Mr. Manley shows how important it is to keep one's eyes open. "Once I had to sell some furniture for a poor rheumatic old man who needed \$50 for treatments the worst way. He told me he had some stuff in his attic that might be valuable, and sure enough, there was one item alone, a maple chest of drawers with a ball and claw foot, covered with wasps' nests, that sold for no less than \$238."



What should you do when you find something that looks as if it might have value? Should you polish it up for the appraiser? The answer is—well, let Mr. Manley tell it. "Did I remove those wasps' nests? Oh, no! If you come across an old piece of any kind with distinguishing marks upon it, for heaven's sake don't remove them. They are proof of its authenticity. As a matter of fact, I got \$5 extra for each nest on that chest. Never cut signatures from letters for the same reason. Attached to the letter or letterhead their genuineness is assured. Nor should you shine up old coins; friction is the enemy of old coins and medals. Whatever you do, be sure not to cut stamps from letters. Not only is their authenticity proved by the postmark, but many collectors are searching for old covers, and the cancellation by proving the actual date, adds greatly to the value for a specialized collector."

MR. MANLEY has trained himself to keep his eyes open. Notice how specialists keep their eyes open as we laymen don't. "I find lots of folks spoil old wall paper by having it scraped from the walls of country houses. They lose considerably money in so doing, for early American wall paper such as you often find on farms throughout the country is much in demand by rich collectors who are doing over their homes. I've seen wall paper laboriously removed when buried under three or four layers of trash. Glass door handles should be treated carefully also; they are easily lost or broken, so are metal hinges which may be just what some collectors want. If you come across any old scrap books, first editions, family Bibles or Moody and Sankey hymn-books tucked away in closets and cupboards, save them. They are sellable today.

"All sorts and conditions of people frequent my auctions. For instance, there is the type who knows it all (or thinks he does), and often interrupts. A class popular with no one but himself. Then there are those who bid on only one article, but after a sale has been made, come and try to buy it back at the same price and are annoyed when the purchaser refuses. We have all seen people who use auctions as a reunion with their friends. I always interject a word. 'Chatter, please, chatter,' and stop until quiet is regained. Of course, there is the man who comes merely for the excitement of the sale, and not to buy. As well as dozens of other types.

"Prices at auctions are sometimes large, sometimes small. Not long ago an expensively dressed lady attended one of my auctions, bidding heavily all day for the choicest bits. This is the type who usually gets what

she wants regardless of price. We auctioneers call these people 'life-savers.' Other buyers call them 'hog-gish.' Anyhow, her generosity helped prices and I had one of the best days ever. Unfortunately just after we stopped, several keepers came to take her back to the asylum from which she had escaped, and I had to offer everything all over again."

Do you wish to pick up bargains at auctions? The country auction is a good place provided you know how to go about it. Few auctioneers will tell you this, but the best way is to come early and stay late. Often when the bidding isn't brisk good pieces are sold for little cash. Usually at country auctions luncheon is served, and that, too, is a good moment to sit tight. At a recent auction in the country a beautiful stretcher table was put up late in the evening when only half a dozen people were left to bid. It had to be sold, and was, for \$2. The owner later resold it for \$200 a few weeks afterward.

Yes, these are the good old days. At least so U. A. Raby of Chico, California, believes. He bought a painting for forty cents at an auction which depicted—the picture, not the auction—three miners digging, and bore the date 1855. It turned out to be the work of W. L. Sonntag, an early American artist, and Mr. Raby came out with a profit of \$1,499.60, which is good business in any land. Prices for things vary, but it's worth noting that even in these hard times there are folks willing to pay large sums for what they want. A letter from John Winthrop, colonial governor of Massachusetts, to his wife brought \$1,000 at an auction in Boston recently, while one from Washington to Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island, was sold to a New York collector for \$4,000. Holographic documents, that is, ones like these which were written entirely in the signer's hand, are more valuable than mere signatures, and likely to be worth more in the opinion of experts, since with the advent of the typewriter few handwritten documents of famous persons are available.

So let's keep our eyes open. Even if you don't dig up something immediately, you may start an interest in some hobby that will prove money in the bank for you at a later date. In times of adversity many hobbies have turned into profitable sources for those who have followed them closely. A druggist in New Hampshire who collected toy banks found this to be true. He went bankrupt during the depression and was obliged to sell his collection for spare cash. Gradually folks came round asking for more. Did he know where he could obtain any? He did, he knew the markets, the sources, and the best material. As a result before long he had built up quite a little business (*Continued on page 38*)



Broadcast

Phil Duey is the thoughtful gentleman in the left hand corner armed with a heavy tome. Singing rousing baritone numbers for Leo Reisman's hour on Station WEAH, Tuesday evenings, Phil Duey is one of this Department's favorite dishes.

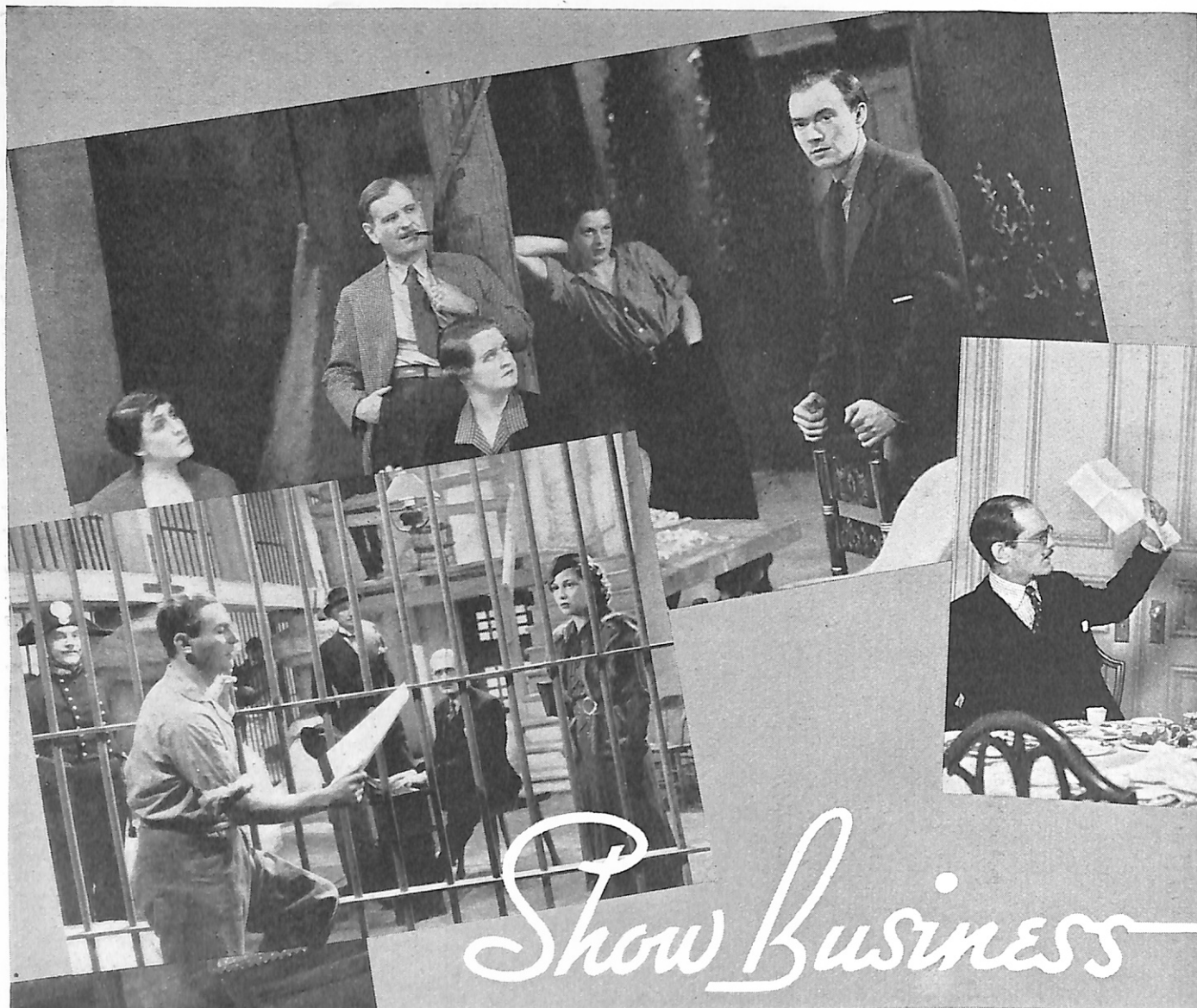
"The National Amateur Hour" is a program distinguished by the sour G chord which is sounded when one of the amateur acts doesn't jell. You see, at left, Arnold Johnson, conductor of the Hour, extracting an excruciating chord from his orchestra. The program has been transferred from Columbia to the Mutual Broadcasting System, recently, where it is heard early Sunday evenings.

At left, center, you view Guy Lombardo's sweet muchacha band. Those three little white spots you see down in front are Guy's trio singing into the mike one Monday evening for the Columbia System. Lombardo's band, directed by Guy and with brother Carmen adding charm by singing, many of the solos, remains one of the most popular sweet-music dance bands in the country, although his fans' first faint careless rapture has been somewhat dulled by time.

Below the band is a charming photograph of Helen Marshall, soprano soloist of the Sigmund Romberg Musicales which is heard by radio audiences from here to there on Tuesday evenings over Station WEAH. Miss Marshall, abetted by Frank Black's orchestra, succeeds in putting over some of the loveliest light music to have been composed in the last twenty years. The cast of the program is additionally sustained by hordes of well known people doing and saying important things.

At bottom are George Burns and his daffy friend. Gracie and George, who are now driving Hollywood mad, can still be heard on Wednesday evenings over the Columbia network. As we pore over this picture of Miss Allen making love to a tuba, we are led to the suspicion that Miss Allen's publicity agent is luring us into a mention of "The Music Goes Around an' Round." We do not bite. Instead we make complimentary remarks about Miss Allen's recent appearance as a singer. She has a pleasantly tuneful voice and a competent delivery, and her casual gags in the midst of sentimental song extract from this Department a frequent, raucous laugh.





At top is a scene from "Russet Mantle," a pleasant, if unimportant, comedy which contains many merry moments. John Beal and Martha Sleeper, at right, portray adequately the vapors and vicissitudes of young love, while Miss Margaret Douglass, left, rocks the house with an endlessly comic lampooning of a Louisville matron.

Below them, in an incredible photograph which might be entitled, "The Prisoner's Song," Gladys Swarthout, Jan Kiepura and Philip Merivale are caught in a scene from the new cinematic musical drama, "Give Us This Night."

At bottom, a taut moment in "Ethan Frome," the stage version of Edith Wharton's masterpiece, is caught by the camera, when Ethan and Mattie (Raymond Massey and Ruth Gordon) have just broken Zenobia's (Pauline Lord's) treasured dish. This bitter drama of New England farm life in the Eighties is Theater with its best foot forward.

The photograph which extends across both these pages gives an accurate view of a family squabble which takes place in the Theatre Guild's new comedy, "Call It a Day." Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale are the stars in an admirably cast hit which has succeeded in making New York's evenings a great deal pleasanter this winter.

At the top of page 13 you see a characteristic fade-out in Charlie Chaplin's latest picture, "Modern Times," with Charlie walking pathetically down the road into the distance. But this time he is accompanied by Paulette Goddard. "Modern Times" adheres to the established Chaplin tradition, with plenty of sentiment, mimicry and custard.

At top right, precise little Freddy Bartholomew and that old eagle, C. Aubrey Smith, are respectively and for the moment, Fauntleroy and



the Earl of Dorincourt, in the most recent cinematic version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's famous story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The role of Fauntleroy is a natural for little Bartholomew, and he goes to town with it. The movie moguls are to be congratulated on their good sense in doing, for once, the obvious.

In the center of page 13 is a scene which might be termed cute. Jean Harlow and Clark Gable are seen cutting up on the ice in their new film, "Wife Vs. Secretary," which also stars Myrna Loy. Miss Harlow is, of course, the secretary in a lavishly produced and well directed version of the old, old story.

At lower right appears (you'll never guess!) Helen Hayes, who threatens Miss Katherine Cornell's throne as the First Lady of the American Stage with her recent performance of "Victoria Regina." Miss Hayes' make-up as the *Widow of Windsor* has been one of the most talked-about artistic feats of the theatrical season. Last year Henry Hull as "Jeeter Lester" in *Tobacco Road*, took all honors.



"DOC" HARRIS, pitchman extraordinary, whose salesmanship through a score of years had done much to keep sheriffs' tack hammers from the doors of numerous gimcrack factories, sat on a bench in Griggsboro's municipal park and tried to figure his way out of an annoying situation.

Griggsboro's park presented its customary mid-afternoon desolate appearance. As he mopped his brow with a bandanna handkerchief, Doc thought how he could enliven the scene if he only had a chance. In his mind's eye he could see himself in the knife-hacked bandstand, following up Gold Tooth Smitty's ukulele act with a quick passout of Little Giant potato peelers, all-vegetable soap, astrology books and the vest-pocket tool which will sharpen anything from a razor to the teeth of a steam shovel. But there would be no gathering of Griggsboro's native sons under the cottonwoods which had covered the dry grass with a poor substitute for snow, for Doc had been denied a license to sell any of those inexpensive trifles which at once take up the housewife's burden and keep calluses from the hands of pitchmen.

Some of the drifting fuzz from the cottonwoods had settled on the shoulders of Doc's ministerial-looking black coat, but the hand which had been raised to brush it off remained suspended in mid-air. The ministrations with the bandanna handkerchief were halted as Doc gazed, with suddenly inspired interest, at a young couple occupying the other end of the bench.

"I beg your pardon," rasped Doc, "but did I hear you mention the name of Griggs?"

The young persons looked at Doc in surprise. Forty would have been an outside estimate of their combined ages. The girl was tall and slender and her features were soothing to the male eye. Her round arms, bare to the shoulder, were brown, with just the right summery touch of gold. She was hatless, and the sunlight made little, changing glints in her bobbed hair. Also it sparkled, momentarily, on a descending tear—just like the glint of one of his "whitestones" which Doc sold by the quart as diamonds.

The youth was in shirtsleeves. His hands were clasped about one seersucker-clad knee, and Doc noticed the strong swell of muscles in the forearms. A nice looking kid, Doc thought, who got his pretzel-colored sunburn from the swimming pool and tennis court.

"My name is Griggs," said the girl, in answer to Doc's question.

"ARE you the daughter of J. Horace Griggs, Mayor of this town?" queried Doc.

"Yes—why do you ask?"

"Not from idle curiosity. I couldn't help hearing part of your conversation. Mayor Griggs seems to have caused us all some trouble for the moment."

The youth rose and caught the girl by the arm.

"I'll admit it would please me a trifle to do something that would annoy his Honor the Mayor"



"Come on, Adele," he said. "There's another bench over across the way where we can talk alone."

The girl pulled her arm away and the youth sat down rather sulkily. He smiled derisively when the girl said: "Perhaps the gentleman can help us. He may be a minister."

Doc straightened and brushed some of the cottonwood fluff from his coat.

"I am not of the cloth," he said, "though frequently I've been taken for a minister. But, even if I were, I'd advise against the elopement which you are contemplating. Maybe the opposition of His Honor the Mayor can be overcome in some other way."

"How do you know father is opposing our marriage?" asked the girl in surprise.

Pitchman

by Arthur Chapman

Illustrated by Floyd Davis



"Young lady, I've been reading human nature ever since I made my first pitch of shivs—beg pardon, knives—at a county fair when I was not your age. When a young couple sit on a park bench with the thermometer at one hundred and when I am hailed as a minister, what can be deduced except that the local press will soon be chronicling an elopement?"

"But my father," said the girl. "What trouble have you had with him?"

"Purely commercial. Not twenty-four hours ago, some three hundred miles from here, my partner, Gold Tooth Smitty, and myself were assured by no less an authority than Silk Hat Harry that Griggsboro was a hot spot on the map."

"It is warm today."

"A hot spot," explained Doc patiently, "is the opposite of an unfriendly town. We roll in here two hours ago and find that your father, the Mayor, who runs the biggest general store in town, jammed an ordinance through the council last night making Griggsboro as hostile to pitchmen as the Sioux country was to Custer. A half hour's argument with your father has proved in vain. We cannot secure a reader—beg pardon, license. Not so much as a permit to camp in an open doorway and sell our wares. I came out here in this park to think matters over, and Gold Tooth Smitty dropped in at a movie to see Tom Mix jump into the Grand Canyon."

"Father," replied the girl, "is a very determined man. We've had a demonstration of that fact."

"I'd like to hear," said Doc.

This man with the odd, raspy voice had nice brown eyes, somewhat magnified by a pair of thick-lensed glasses. A heavy white pompadour rose above his high forehead. There was a tiny thatch of beard on his underlip, no doubt provocative of deep thought when stroked abstractedly. It was hard to withhold confidence from one whose interest seemed so genuine.

"FOR years," said the girl, "it has been understood that Edward and I were to be married as soon as we were graduated from college. Edward—Mr. Whittlesy—shake hands with Mr. — ah—"

"Harris," said Doc, trusting his fingers to the grip of the state college tennis champion and regretting it afterward.

"Edward's father," continued the girl, "owned the little store across from my father's place. He died recently, and it's up to Edward to run the store successfully or close it out. Father says Edward must prove that he is a salesman by turning in a profit on the store before we can be married with his consent—my father's consent, you know."

"To a salesman like myself that sounds easy," replied Doc.

"Well, it isn't easy because the stock is a jumble. And people just pass by the store. It seems impossible to get them in to trade. If Edward could only sell off this old stock and get new, he could make good. He's really a first-class salesman, but things have been so slow that we're thinking of running away and getting married without father's consent."

"And thereby being disinherited and creating no end of bad feeling in your family," observed Doc. "Your father, I take it, is a man of his word and will not renege if Edward—Mr. Whittlesy—turns this joint—I mean stock—at a profit and puts the red ink bottle on a high shelf?"

"Father is just that sort," replied the girl.

"An awful bullhead but a square shooter, if you know what I mean," interposed Mr. Whittlesy, who was gazing at Doc with sudden interest.

"I catch the substance," said Doc. "I understand that my friend the Mayor is not convinced of your business ability, Mr. Whittlesy, and has put you up against a seemingly impossible proposition. Either you sell your late father's stock at a profit or lose your chance of a church wedding with the bride's parent giving her away."

"If things weren't so dead," pointed out Miss Griggs, "Edward would at least have a chance to succeed."

Doc meditatively stroked the thatch on his underlip.

"There's plenty of life if we search it out," he said. "The little astrology book which I sell to the public for fifteen cents, and which, confidentially, costs two and one-half cents in gross lots, says this is the day of Pisces, the sign of the fishes. A good day for heavy thinking and wise decisions, the little book goes on to say. Have you consulted any outside authority on some means of disposing of this mercantile incubus at something over the nut—I mean expense?"

"No," replied young Whittlesy. "This ultimatum came up rather suddenly. Would you be willing to look the stock over and tell us what might be done with it?"

"Well," said Doc, "it's my business to sell people things they never expected to buy and seldom use after purchase. If your stock dates anywhere this side of the war of 1812, it may be that there's a possible profit in it. Perhaps I can be of some assistance to you, so lead the way. Besides—" and here Doc hesitated.

"Besides what?" asked both young persons as all three arose.

"I'll have to admit that it would please me a trifle to do something that would annoy His Honor the Mayor."

J. HORACE GRIGGS, Mayor of Griggsboro, looked out across the street from the depths of his store, back in the vicinity of the cash register, where he loved to linger. There seemed to be an unusual stir in front of the Whittlesy Household Emporium, where people usually walked right on past the shop windows. Sweet Afton had nothing on the gentle flow of traffic

past the late Sim Whittlesy's place of business.

Mr. Griggs was tall and rather spare as to shoulders and legs. A contrasting paunchiness, combined with trouble with his arches gave a roll to his walk. His face was sallow and his expression melancholy, but two red spots on his cheek bones testified to the fires of determination that burned within.

Walking to the open doorway, Mr. Griggs saw that a considerable crowd had gathered in front of the Whittlesy entrance. Employees from the hat factory up the street and matinee patrons of a near-by movie house were on their homeward way. It was an hour that normally was good for several sales in Mr. Griggs' place,

but pedestrians on his side of the street were now skipping over to the other curb to see what was going on.

Mr. Griggs stepped across the street, his jaw tightening as he went. He had seen something that aroused the Griggs ire. The ministerial looking pitchman who only yesterday had argued with futile eloquence for a license was standing in the Whittlesy doorway, the center of public attention. With a small baton the pitchman pointed to a triangle of closely meshed rings, held in his left hand.

"These rings, as you see them, are the invention of a Chinese scientist, Ching Ling Foo, who received a royalty of several million dollars from them," the pitchman called out in a peculiarly penetrating voice. "Watch the rings closely and you will see that apparently the top ring, at which I am pointing, slides through the other rings to the bottom."

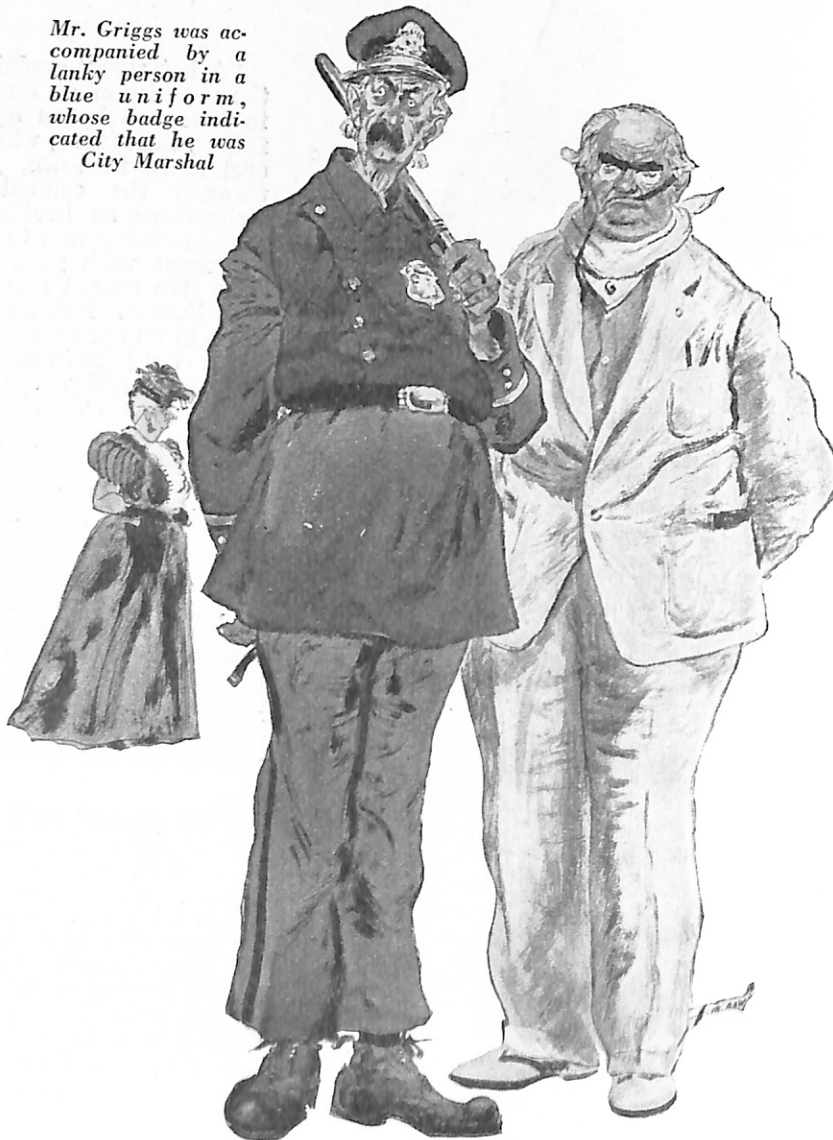
Mr. Griggs, with the rest of the crowd, watched

and saw the silvery triangle scintillate as apparently the top ring slid to the bottom.

"Step right inside, ladies and gentlemen, where you can see better," went on the pitchman, backing into the store and being followed by the crowd. Mr. Griggs noted with astonishment that the entire stock of miscellany had been removed from the counters and show cases. A black curtain shut off the rear of the store from view. In front of this curtain was a large box, which improvised platform was mounted by the pitchman.

"Come right up close, ladies and gentlemen, where you can see better," urged the man on the box. The crowd surged forward, making room for those who were struggling to get in from (Continued on page 44)

Mr. Griggs was accompanied by a lanky person in a blue uniform, whose badge indicated that he was City Marshal





Above: A trainload of grapes going to a winery at Asti. Right: Avocados are one of California's newer specialties

by

John E. Pickett

YOUR editor asked us in effect "How about agriculture and the fish and deer crops out on the Coast?"

Now, any Californiac, backed into a corner by such a thrust, will fight to the last adjective.

This is indeed a prideful region out here in the orchestra of that world stage which we modestly refer to as "our" largest, deepest and wettest Pacific Ocean.

And an agricultural editor of this region, as your author is, is particularly hard to live with these fine days of 1936 because the agriculture of this region is so decisively leading the West back to recovery, and has so definitely reminded its urban brethren that it is indeed the foundation industry, creating the largest lump of wealth each year, furnishing the largest tonnage and value of raw products for manufacture, faltering only slightly during the entire depression in furnishing its shipments of freight for rail and ship, and leading the way with "business as usual" and no farm unemployment.

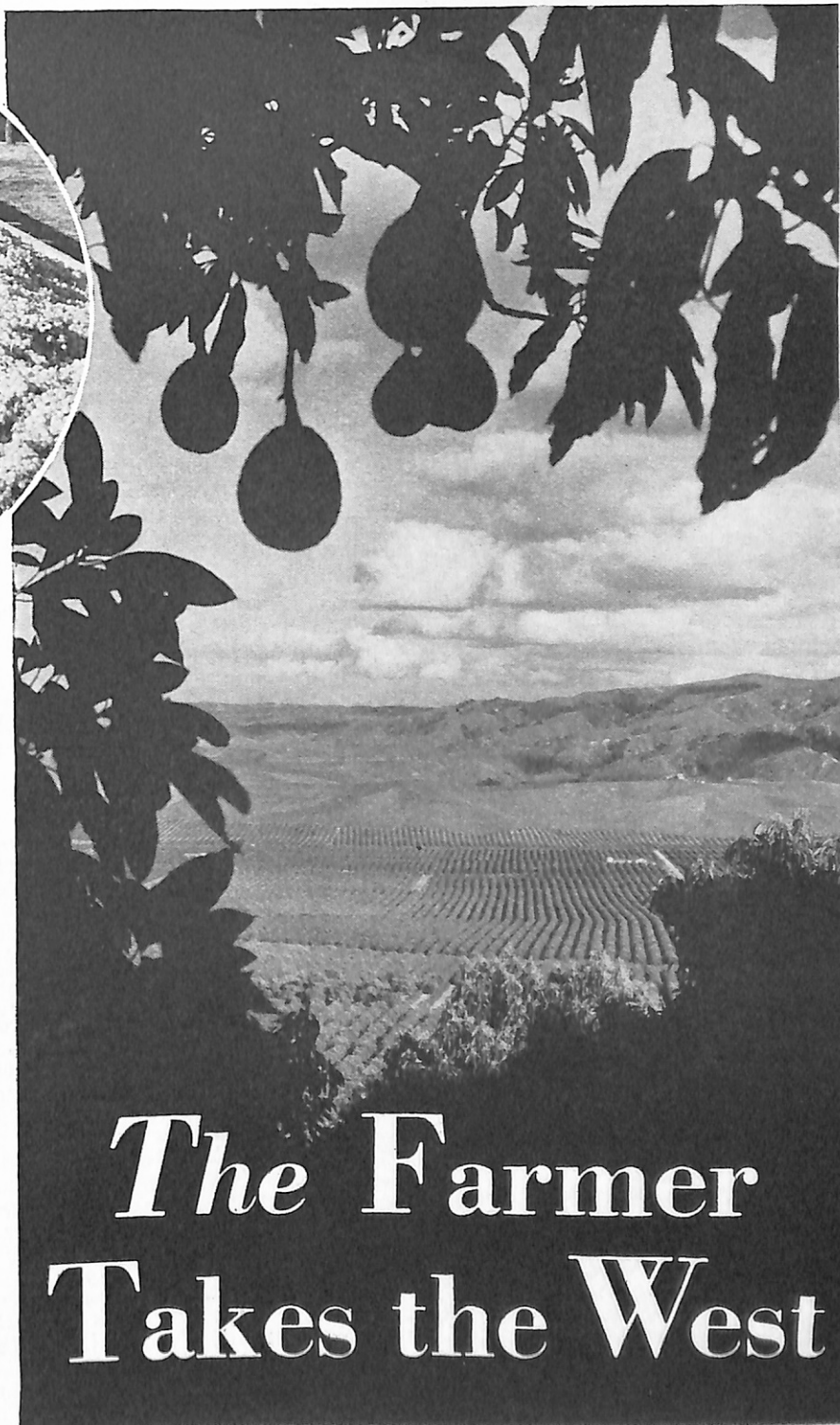
We'll confess that the mountain snow and the valley water furnish the best irrigation supplies in 45 years; that last year we had almost no crop failures, and mercifully but very few of those over-large crop productions which give the markets epilepsy and are sometimes more of an economic burden than a partial crop failure; that farmers of the

West have remembered they are pioneers, and sons and daughters of pioneers, and produced some vigorous and effective methods of dealing with the Communist-led strikes which at one time threatened to tie up the harvest of many of our highly-perishable fruit and vegetable specialties; that the fish "crops" are biting better; that farmers are going vacationing in new automobiles because the official registrations show we are leading the country with automobile sales 75 per cent higher than in 1934! and that some farmers near the mountains which rim

and ridge our states are actually experimenting with electrically-charged fences to keep out of their fields a deer crop which is estimated to be nearly a half million head in California and which is probably equally large in Oregon and Washington.

Now a lot of "smart money" these days in this state is buying farms. After all, land is the most enduring investment of all, when properly handled, and the economic days ahead look hopeful to us enthusiasts out here.

Perhaps one of the reasons why that is particularly true in this re-



The Farmer Takes the West

gion is because we are constantly bringing out new models in the crop world, luxury specials which we advertise to the nation as necessities of health and happiness. Eight years ago the California College of Agriculture compiled a list of 180 different crops grown in this state in carload quantities. Searching for a Californiac word that would describe the aesthetic qualities of some of them our well-known local modesty hit upon the word "exquisites." Now the list of crops and exquisites has grown to more than 190, and please keep your palate in good tasting order because the end is not yet.

Our specialist farmers of the Coast, speaking through our marketing groups, are indeed stomach stylists.

Why, our California farmers invented acidosis and prescribed their oranges and lima beans and olives to cure it.

If you are hot, we prescribe cold California lemonade.

If you have a cold, we prescribe hot California lemonade.

We get you coming and going.

The cooperative farmers of Wenatchee, Washington, and Hood River, Oregon, help you chase the doctor away with an apple a day.

We cornered you with our advertising and asked you if you had had your iron today. If not, we had spinach and raisins and artichokes to prescribe.

We offered you the prune and the fig.

We taught many Americans to

prefer a breakfast egg with a blond, or pale yellow yolk, carefully standardized by the poultry-men of California, Oregon and Washington by good feeding and exact grading, and we cooperatively deliver these eggs to the population centers of the East and sell them at a premium above the "brunette" eggs which come in from the nearby hens and may be so fresh that the hen's cackle is still reverberating.

Our Washington, Oregon and California farmers shipped in 1934 over forty-six million dozens of eggs, and sold them for over \$11,000,000. These carefully graded eggs commanded a premium of nearly 3 cents a dozen over the best "nearby" eggs.

This is not merely monkey business—this flippant account. It is our farm business of the West. We are a long and expensive way from many of our markets, and we have found that our specialties well grown and well sold are our chance to get out of the ruck of ordinary competition.

THIS plan of escape from the average certainly worked out very nicely indeed last year. California for the first six months ran 25 per cent ahead of 1934 in farm income, according to the official federal-state crop estimates, and conservatively laid in the lap of commerce and industry \$610,000,000 of new wealth coined from Mother Nature's inexhaustible storehouse of soil, air and water. This was the largest farm income since 1929.

An easier way to understand what this means to prosperity is to say that it is an average of about \$5,000 per ranch. This is a high average income. It is much higher than the national average, and is greatly more than the average income of city families. And it is new wealth, going into manufacture and commerce, turning over many times in enhancement of value.

The figures from Oregon, Washington and Idaho show an impressive gain from the 1933 low, the first quarter of 1935 gaining 78.4 per cent. Thus the agriculture of the Pacific Northwest holds up its end in recovery.

The Bank of America, which has 425 banks in California, observed the customary modesty of this region in its "Business Review" of August 20, 1935, and said:

"In every month of the current year the dollar volume of retail sales in the Far West has made a much more favorable showing, compared with 1934 than has the rest of the United States."

The Bank reported July retail sales in California 19.2 per cent ahead of July of 1934, and the Washington and Oregon figure is 15.5 per cent. Building permits are about double, it finds.

Our agricultural pride swells over the fact that retail sales and building permit comparisons are vastly



higher in the rural towns and cities than in the larger cities where there is still an unemployed group to drag the anchor.

Here are a few more cheering statistical indices.

Automobile sales, which are considered a ready index of business in this land of expansive distances, good roads and many vacation attractions, were up 75 per cent in California for the first five months of 1935.

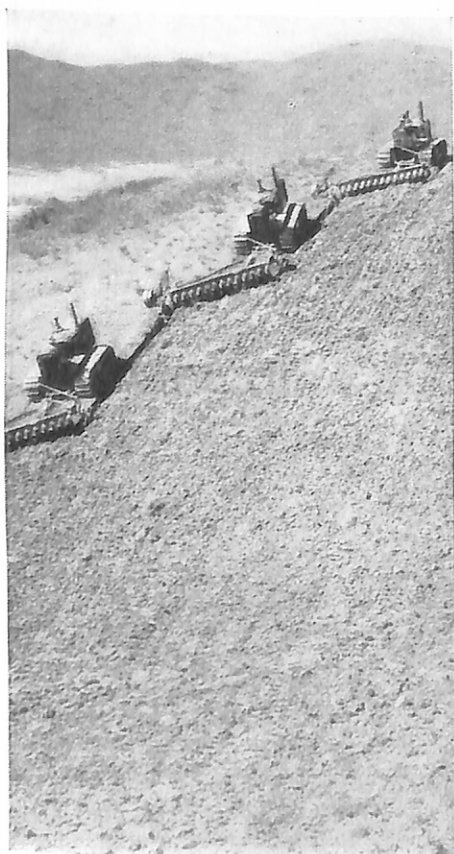
Truck sales were up 53 per cent in California for the first five months of 1935.

Farm machinery sales in this almost horseless state where horseflies are homeless and starving to death, were running 100 per cent ahead of 1934.

As your guide, may we give you a little more intimate taste, smell and sight of this agriculture of the Coast which is leading the way back to recovery?

We will meet you with the Gas Hog in Southern California, where the badge of fame is oranges against a snow-capped mountain.

The famous California Fruit Growers Exchange, one of the finest cooperative marketing organizations in the world, is drawing heavily on experience to make the best of the





Above and on opposite page: A typical southern California scene—oranges in the valley and snow on the mountains to furnish the irrigation water. Above at right: The end of the "Old Oregon Trail," the Willamette Valley in western Oregon. Center at right: Drying apricots on redwood trays in the Hemet Valley, California. Below at right: Oranges and snow in sunny California. At lower left on opposite page: A modern plowing scene—three diesel tractors on the historic Vail ranch in San Diego County. Each of these modern plows, operating on low cost fuel, turns under twelve acres a day and does the work that it would require forty good horses to do. Hay will be planted on this ground for pasturing great herds of cattle.

Photographs for this article from Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc., Keystone, Gabriel Moulin, R. I. Nesmith & Associates and A. M. Prentiss.

largest citrus crop in history. During the depression this farmers' group has managed to put into the market of the country an average of 24,000 more carloads per year than ever before, so it faces Nature's bounty this year with forthright action and is putting an extra million dollars into advertising to move its lemons and oranges.

Some years ago it was found that the Washington Navel orange was "running out." A. D. Shamel, a scientist, was brought out from Washington, and he taught the citrus growers how to propagate only from perfect limbs on perfect trees. Millions of buds of certified parent-

age were used and now oranges march forward constantly in improvement year after year.

This sort of work is continuing with other crops, because California, 3,000 miles from the population centers of the Atlantic coast, cannot afford to grow anything but the best.

A new, beautiful and rapidly expanding crop specialty claims attention along the coast, particularly because of an amazing sales record this fiscal year just ended. We refer to avocados.

Nature more than smiled on production—she leaned back and yelled. Without a cooperative such as the

Calavo Association, the growers might as well have gone to town and applied for relief, because the production was 363 per cent ahead of the large crop of 1934. But the cooperative proceeded to go after new customers and returned to the members 228 per cent more money than for the year before.

This is the sort of intelligent self-help effort which makes a lot of the Californian's pride explainable. We are proud of our many successful farm marketing cooperatives in this state. You often hear it said that farmers will not cooperate—they won't stick together. Well, they have never (Continued on page 40)



EDITORIAL

Choose Ye Out Leaders Among You



WHEN the above caption presented itself as a subject for editorial comment, it was confidently assumed to have been the advice given to the Israelites during a crisis related in the Bible, when important concerted action was necessary.

A diligent search of the concordance does not yield the quotation, and the assumption is admitted to be erroneous.

But the advice, as addressed to the subordinate Lodges, is good anyway; because it embodies the age old truth that success can be achieved in any group activity only when competent leaders are in charge.

In a few days nominations of officers for the ensuing year will be made in every Lodge of the Order. The results in the administrations of their respective fraternal affairs will depend directly upon the capacity for leadership in those selected to manage those affairs. If this be bromidic it is nevertheless worthy of being repeated; for experience has taught that it is easy to forget this truth under the impulses of personal friendship and the desire to promote individual ambitions.

As a last brief reminder to the Lodges the captioned advice is given. Even though it has not biblical precedent, it is the essence of wisdom. Choose ye out leaders among you.

The Essential Thing—The Will to Serve



IT has been often stated, and with just pride, that the Order of Elks is unique among fraternities because it offers no inducements to prospective members which are intended to appeal to their selfish interests. It conducts no insurance feature; it provides no sick or death benefits; it promises no financial advantages or material rewards.

Of course, as inherent in the very character of the organization, there are the inducements which grow out of the privileges of membership and the fraternal associations which are incident thereto; and these naturally appeal to men who enjoy such privileges and associations.

But in the large sense, the real appeal which the Order makes to desirable prospects is the opportunity to share in the humanitarian services which the Order promotes as its chief objectives.

One who seeks membership in the Order simply because he wishes to avail himself of the facilities of the Club houses, or to enjoy the personal contacts with other Elks, is only contemplating joining a social club. With this sole purpose in mind he will never be a real Elk, however long his name may remain on the rolls.

But one who seeks admission because he understands and appreciates the fundamental purposes of the Order, knows what it is undertaking to accomplish, and wishes to contribute his part to the furtherance of those objects, is already an Elk at heart. He and those of like purpose who become members constitute the real Order of Elks and maintain its prestige and power as a great benevolent fraternity.

The real essential for desirable membership is the will to serve others, the purpose to play a definite part in the good works to which the Order is dedicated. In seeking new members this fact should be kept in mind. One new initiate properly imbued with such a spirit brings more to the Order than twenty others who lack it.

The social features of membership are valuable and wholly desirable. It is not intended to minimize them. But they are merely incidental. The essential thing is the will to serve. Every true Elk has it. No member can be a true Elk without it.



The Lodges and the Foundation

NOW that the subordinate Lodges are quite generally in better financial condition than they have been for several years, it is pertinent to remind them of an opportunity for a distinctive service to the Order which speaks primarily in dollars and cents. This service involves donations to the Elks National Foundation.

Many of the Lodges have not felt heretofore able to make any contribution to this Fund. But it is recognized that they all feel a pride in this ever growing activity of the Order as a whole; and in the distributions of the earnings from the Foundation in increasingly important aids to appealing local benefactions. And it is to be taken for granted that when they do feel themselves in situation to do so, they will make their several contributions to this splendid cause.

By such donations the Lodges will not only provide an increase in the invested principal, which will be preserved intact, and from which a consequent increased income will be derived for the furtherance of the charitable objects of the Order; but they will be thus serving the major objectives in which they are particularly interested, because the increased income will enable the trustees to make allocations thereof to more widely distributed local activities.

The Elks National Foundation is already a substantial endowment. It is destined to become a great national benefaction. And each Lodge should make such prompt contribution thereto as its financial condition will reasonably justify.

The sooner this is done, the sooner will the accretions be put to work in the prescribed way to secure perennial earnings available for the purposes to which they are dedicated. And now is the time for each subordinate Lodge to give the matter generous consideration, to determine the extent to which they may properly contribute to the Foundation at this time.

There is no activity of the Order which presents greater opportunities for effective charitable service. And every

subordinate Lodge, as such, should feel a desire to have a definite share in the promotion of this truly great undertaking.

To Elk Fathers

IF you are an Elk and have a son who is eligible for membership in the Order, but who is not a member, is it not due to your own indifference? Have you talked to him about it and sought his approval to present his name as an applicant? If not, is there any good reason why you have not done this?

It is to be assumed that you retain your membership in your Lodge because you consider it distinctly worth while; and because you approve the purposes of the Order and desire to assist in promoting them. Don't you think your son would be equally impressed with such opportunities for contributing to its benevolent activities, and would also appreciate and enjoy the privileges of membership? Don't you think he would feel a special pride in belonging to his Dad's Lodge?

A pleasing feature of the initiation of the Joseph T. Fanning Class, last November, was the number of sons of Elks who were then inducted into membership. It is proof of the fact that there are many other such sons who would seek membership if properly approached. And the fathers are the ones who should secure and present the applications.

A son of an Elk who is eligible to become a member, whose father does not solicit his application, must naturally feel disappointed. He must wonder why, if the Order is one which appeals to his father, as a patriotic citizen of benevolent inclinations, the same appeal is not considered equally strongly addressed to himself.

There is a fine opportunity to secure a substantial number of desirable members from this group; and it is primarily up to the fathers to do this. Their specific interest and personal activity in the matter is commended to them as a real fraternal service to the order, as well as an experience which will surely afford them peculiar satisfaction.

Elks National Bowling Tournament Starts This Month

On March 28, 24 five-man clubs of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, will fire at the strike gaps in the initial contest of the Elks National Bowling Tournament. On the same night Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, is scheduled to begin play with 16 teams. Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, will be represented by eight teams, and Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, with six. Houston, Texas, Lodge, No. 151, plans to send one, and possibly two, line-ups.

With regard to Cincinnati hospitality, it has been announced that every Saturday night during the Tournament, the home folk are to treat the visiting Elks to a hot Dutch lunch embracing such savory dishes as pigs knuckles and sauerkraut, and metwurst with, of course, beer.

Already the Secretary has requests for reservations numbering over 200 teams, an aggregation covering a wide territorial expanse. Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 93, leads with 20 clubs. Louisville, Toledo, Ohio, No. 53, and Kalamazoo, Mich., No. 50, are Lodges with 16, while Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, will have 10 and Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46, eight or more.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

The custom of awarding nine diamond medals, emblematic of Elks' supremacy in the respective tournament divisions, will again be followed. The prize list will be split into two classes once more—the regular division (high scores on a

straight basis) and Goodfellowship for scores not qualified for high total awards.

Special reduced convention fare rates are granted by the railroads to all Elk bowlers and their families traveling to the tournament city. Further information may be obtained by communicating with Secretary John J. Gray of the Elks Bowling Association, 1616, S. 16th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Two California Lodges Hold Joint Meeting

In the Home of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, Long Beach and San Pedro Lodges held a joint meeting recently for the purpose of hearing an address delivered by George M. Smith of San Jose, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn. The meeting was preceded in the afternoon by a boat ride around the harbors of both cities and throughout that portion of the United States Battle Fleet stationed at San Pedro. Accompanying Mr. Smith on this trip were State Vice-Pres. Joseph L. Hofer, P.D.D. C. P. Hebenstreit and E.R. Floyd E. Tumbleson of Huntington Park Lodge, E.R. Norman E. Naeve of Long Beach Lodge, and P.D.D. C. P. Wright and E.R. C. H. Cleveland of San Pedro Lodge.

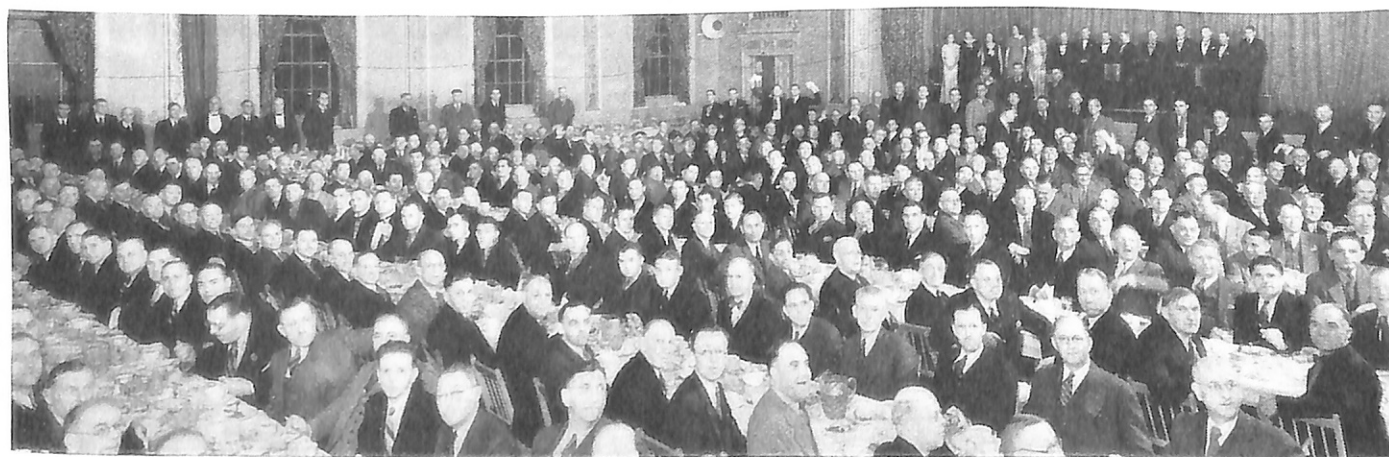
At the conclusion of the boat ride the visitors were all guests of San Pedro Lodge at dinner. Mr. Smith delivered his address to more than



Above is a picture of the handsomely uniformed patrol team, of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, a group of men which has recently been reorganized and is composed, in the main, of young members new to the Order. The team is one of the outstanding subordinate bodies of the Lodge

Below, a large group of members of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge who attended the entertaining banquet given in the Lodge Home on a recent date to commemorate the Fortieth Anniversary of the institution of No. 6. An elaborate program was presented

Below: The officers of Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 1596, a new Lodge which has shown itself to be most active of late in gaining new members for the Lodge



Right: The officers of Manistee, Mich., Lodge, with a class of thirty-one candidates they initiated a short time ago

Center Picture: The Robert W. Dunkle Class, recently initiated into Ironton, O., Lodge in honor of D.D. R. W. Dunkle

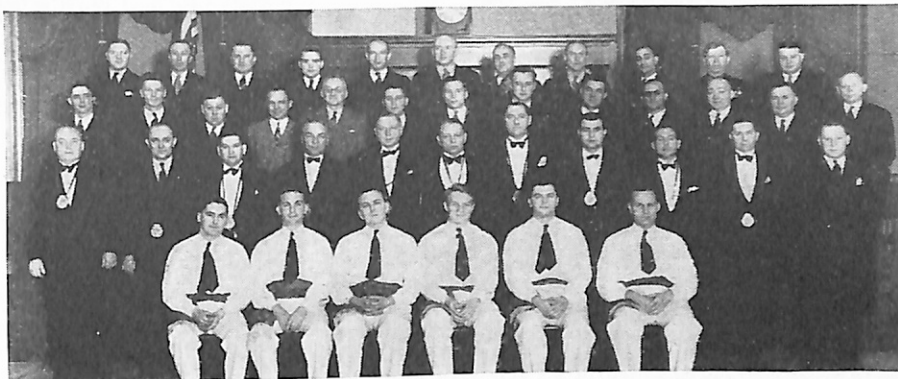
200 members assembled from both Long Beach and San Pedro Lodges. A vaudeville show was presented in the Lodge quarters.

Three Saginaw Elks Die Within 24 Hours

Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, No. 47, recently sustained an irreparable loss when three of its most prominent members died within 24 hours. All were public officials. Mayor Robert C. Weber died suddenly of a heart attack at his home. He was not quite 56 years old.

Fred E. Curtis, aged 73, dean of the city members of the Saginaw County Board of Supervisors, passed away the same evening. He was a valued member of the Lodge.

The death of Judge Clarence M. Browne, of the Tenth Judicial Cir-



Above: The active Ladies' Committee of Newport, Ky., Lodge

cuit of Michigan, brought to a close a long career both in public life and in the activities of the Order. He was elected Exalted Ruler of the Lodge in 1921, served as District Deputy in 1923-24, and was a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary in 1925-26-27. He was a life member of Saginaw Lodge.

Ironton, O., Lodge Almost Doubles Membership

Ironton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 177, has shown remarkable progress during the past year, especially in growth of membership. Its Joseph T. Fanning Class on November 14, consisted of 81 members, 51 being new candidates, and 30 reinstatements. Three weeks later a class called the Robert W. Dunkle Class, consisting of 50 members, was initiated. This group was named in honor of D.D. Robert W. Dunkle of Chillicothe. In January the I. C. Hoffman Class of 40 more candidates was initiated in honor of Ironton Lodge's Exalted Ruler.

On April 1, 1935, Ironton Lodge had but 221 members. Mr. Hoffman was not installed until June 20. In-

cluding the 40 candidates initiated on January 23, plus reinstatements, the Lodge's membership totaled 420 about the first of February. As it was the Exalted Ruler's aim to exactly double the membership, the Lodge had only 22 more new members to obtain to accomplish this.

During the past year Ironton Lodge has spent close to \$2,000 in repairing, refinishing and decorating the Lodge Home.

Mr. Hoffman's method of inspiring Ironton Elks in an enthusiastic membership drive was unique. He appointed two teams, one led by the Esteemed Leading Knight and the other by the Esteemed Loyal Knight. As the program was put into effect at the start of the football season, each member was named as halfback, tackle, guard, etc., with the two leaders as "coaches." A painted chart ten feet high was laid off as a football field and the ball advanced two yards for every candidate signed up. Weekly pep meetings with "skull practice," beer and lunch, were held. Each team had its own side of the Lodge hall and each had cheer leaders and rooters.

P.E.R. Joseph Blum Entertained by Nutley, N. J., Lodge

P.E.R. Joseph Blum, a charter member of Nutley, N. J., Lodge, No. 1290, was tendered a surprise when "Joe Blum Night" was celebrated in the Lodge Home as a mark of honor for his many services to the Lodge during the past 24 years. The affair was sponsored by E.R. William J. Jernick. One hundred and fifty members were present and delegations came from many of the Lodges in the N.W. District of New Jersey.

Among the gifts presented to Mr. Blum was a plaque, symbolic of his efforts in behalf of the Lodge, presented to him by Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther of Newark. A poem written by senior P.E.R. John M. Mackay, was read and a copy of the poem, signed by all present, was enclosed in a folder and given to Mr. Blum.

Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge Holds New Series of Entertainments

In its program of activities for the coming months Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, has adopted a novel form of diversion. Certain nights are set aside to mark some particular industry represented in the membership. Those designated for this year are: Professional Men's Night, Government Officials' Night, Utilities Night and Railroaders' Night.

Railroaders' Night, held on January 3, saw a large number of railroad employees present in the Lodge Home. The officers were dressed in conductors' uniforms and a locomotive bell was used by E.R. M. C. Mulcahey as a gavel. Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Ford Zietlow, a P.E.R. of Aberdeen Lodge, was among those present.

Eastern Edition

This Section Contains

Additional News of

Eastern Lodges

fice for reasons of health. He served as E.R. in 1914-15 before he became the Lodge's Secretary. Later he became District Deputy for N. Y., Central, and also served as President of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.

Elks' Rest, the Elks burial plot in Oakwood Cemetery, Syracuse, which is marked by the symbolic bronze statue of an elk mounted on a rough-hewn base of Barre granite, was presented to the Order by Mr. Hencle as a tribute to his mother.

Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge Sponsors Swimming Meet

Following a precedent established in 1934, Cristobal, Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1542, again sponsored a successful swimming meet for the children of the community. The Meet was conducted at the Hotel



Left: A group of more than two hundred crippled and needy children who were recently entertained by Hartford, Conn., Lodge, where they were fed and witnessed motion pictures

Framingham, Mass., Lodge Entertains District Deputy

D.D. Frank D. Houlihan, a P.E.R. of Framingham, Mass., Lodge, No. 1264, was given an enthusiastic reception on his official visitation to the Lodge in Odd Fellows Hall recently. The visitation marked the homecoming of Mr. Houlihan after his visits to the 15 Lodges in his District. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; State Pres. John E. Moynahan; Past State Pres. William J. Moore, and Charles F. Hurley, Treas. of the State of Massachusetts.

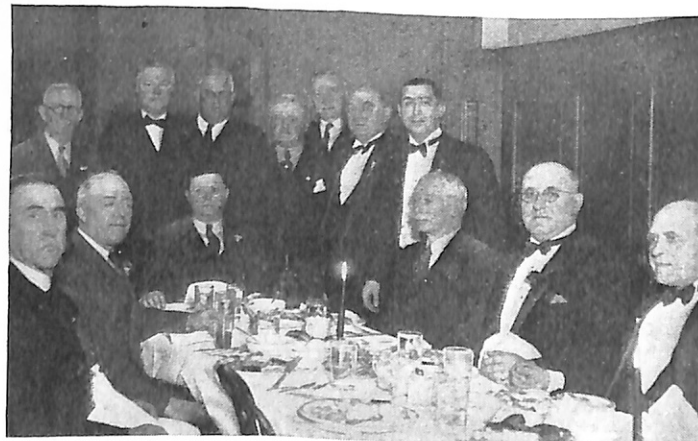
In honor of the District Deputy the largest class initiation in several years was conducted by officers of Framingham Lodge headed by E.R. William H. Mahan. Twenty-three candidates took the obligations of the Order in the presence of a gathering of more than 300 Elks.

The program was made up of music and speeches and was followed by an entertainment and the serving of refreshments.

Clifton, N. J., Lodge Holds Annual Benefit

Clifton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1569, held its sixth annual stage production for the benefit of the crippled children of New Jersey in the auditorium of the local high school. A

Right: Distinguished members of Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge who attended a mortgage burning when the last obligation against the Lodge was wiped out recently. The match was set to the document by Irving A. Snyder, first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge



diversified program which included many elaborate acts of entertainment was staged.

Since 1930 Clifton Lodge has held annual stage productions at the high school for the benefit of the crippled children's fund and each year the public has responded magnificently. Walter A. Morejohn, first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, was Master of Ceremonies in part one of the show. In part two, known as the "Showboat Cruise," the performance was presided over by E.R. Daniel C. Hoare as "Captain."

Miles S. Hencle, Secretary of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, Retires

Miles S. Hencle, who has been Secretary of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, for the past 19 years, and who has devoted 23 years to many activities and associations of the Order, recently retired from that of-

Washington swimming pool in Colon, Republic of Panama, before a crowd of more than 200 spectators. The program furnished 25 swimming and diving events and an exciting water polo game between the 14th U. S. Infantry Team from Fort Davis and a team representing the Southern Cross Swimming Club of Cristobal. A life saving competition for a medal was conducted by the members of the Cristobal Troop No. 14, Boy Scouts of America.

A band from the U. S. Navy Submarine Base at Coco Solo furnished music. Immediately after the meet, prizes were awarded to the successful contestants by E.R. Henry E. May. A supply of ice cream donated by Max Protzel was distributed among all the contestants.

At a recent meeting of Cristobal Lodge, at which a class of 26 candidates was initiated, the Lodge was

addressed by two distinguished members of the Order, P.D.D. Matthew J. Merritt, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, and Edward A. Kenney, of Englewood, N. J., Lodge. Both Mr. Merritt and Mr. Kenney are members of the House of Representatives of the 74th Congress. A fine turkey dinner was served during the evening. An enjoyable concert

Left: prominent members of Washington, D. C., Lodge who presided as Justices at the much publicized mock trial held at the Lodge. The "Justices" are; Trustee Thomas A. O'Donnell, Judge Robert E. Mattingly, Past Exalted Ruler, and Secretary William S. Shelby

Below: part of a crowd of persons who recently attended a charity affair for children held by Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge



was rendered by the 14th U. S. Infantry Band under the direction of Theodore Bingert, a member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1.

Series of Popular Entertainments Held by Lynchburg, Va., Lodge

For some time Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, has been conducting a series of dinner dances and floor shows on Friday nights for Elks and the ladies of their families. The attendance has taxed the capacity of the Lodge Home facilities on each occasion.

Under the leadership of Walter L. Briggs, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, these affairs have proved so popular that applications for membership have been pouring in from those who wish to acquire the privilege of enjoying the dinner dances and shows as well as the fraternal associations incident thereto. It is planned to continue these weekly entertainments so long as their popular appeal is evident.

Sorrow in Bronx, N. Y., Lodge at Death of Joseph Brand

The recent death of Joseph Brand, Secretary and one of the most prominent members of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, brought great sorrow to the membership. Mr. Brand was one of the Lodge's charter members and served as its Exalted Ruler in 1908. He served on many and most of the important committees,

frequently acting as Chairman. He was placed in the office of Treasurer in 1925, and became Secretary in 1927.

During all the years of his connection with the Lodge Mr. Brand was active in its affairs, particularly in its participation in both State and National Conventions. He was one of the organizers of the New York State Elks Assn. of which he was President in 1917.

The evening before Mr. Brand's death, Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, who was making his official visit to Bronx Lodge, called on him at York Hospital. All day Mr. Brand had been in a high state of expectancy after hearing of the contemplated visit. He died the following day. The interment ceremonies took place in Mt. Hope Cemetery, Long Island.

Several Eastern Lodges Report Joseph T. Fanning Classes

Several Eastern Lodges initiated classes of candidates on Joseph T. Fanning Night, November 14, 1935, which were not reported in the December issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

Tarentum, Pa., Lodge, No. 644, announces that eight new members were received into the Lodge in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning.

Irvington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1245, added three to its membership rolls on that occasion.

Clifton Forge, Va., Lodge, No.

1065, increased its membership by a large number, 16 candidates being initiated on the night of November 14. Four more were initiated shortly afterward.

Membership Campaign Conducted By Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge

Some time ago Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge, No. 101, launched a membership campaign by appointing two teams, one headed by P.D.D. E. A. McCaffrey and another by P.D.D. Dr. E. H. Ormsby. A great deal of amusement was occasioned through the purchase of a pig that was passed back and forth to the members of each team. The only way to avoid becoming custodian of the pig was the production of a membership application.

Through this effort 25 new members were secured. The campaign culminated on December 14 with a dinner. The main dish was the pig. The candidates were guests of honor and were treated to an enjoyable evening.

Greensboro, N. C., Lodge Seeks News of Bobby Mack

Greensboro, N. C., Lodge requests information as to the whereabouts of Bobby Mack, a man who conducted an Elks Mardi Gras Carnival under the Lodge's auspices recently. Mr. Mack is about 30 years of age, is five feet five inches in height, and weighs about 140 pounds. He has black hair and wears a black mustache. He drove a 1934 tan V-8

Ford roadster with a Missouri license.

If the whereabouts of Mr. Mack is known to any reader of these columns, it is requested that he communicate by wire or telephone with E.R. John W. Caffey, B.P.O. Elks Lodge, No. 602, Greensboro, N. C.

Mass. State Elks Assn. Holds Regional Meeting

The first regional meeting and second of the get-togethers held thus far by the Mass. State Elks Assn. took place on December 8 in the Northeast District with Everett Lodge, No. 642, acting as host. More than 75 members of the Association were present. Pres. John E. Moynahan of Lowell Lodge presided. Several reports and speeches were made. Past Grand Tiler Michael H. McCarron extended a cordial invitation to the Association to hold one of its future meetings at Woburn.

Rumford, Me., Lodge Entertains Children

Rumford, Me., Lodge, No. 862, recently gave a theatre party for the children of the district, held in a movie theatre which occupies the second floor of the Elks' building. To accommodate as many youngsters as

possible the party was held in two sections on consecutive days. In addition to the movie treat each child received gifts, candy and ice cream.

Varied Activities of Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge

Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge, No. 294, held a "pig contest" during the last week in November as a means of securing more members for the Lodge. Although the effort came immediately after the initiation of the Joseph T. Fanning Class, it netted as many as 36 applications for new membership and a large number of reinstatements. The whole city took an interest in the contest. The newspapers carried full reports from day to day of the whereabouts of the two pigs used in the campaign, and a great deal of favorable publicity resulted. One of the pigs was an uninvited guest at a large inter-county banquet of physicians. The pigs were carried squealing through the streets by some of the city's most prominent citizens and both spent several nights in a number of pretentious homes. Two teams of 25 members each handled the pigs.

A three-day minstrel show with an all-Elk cast, presented during the first week in December, drew large

houses. The proceeds went into the Lodge's Christmas Fund. The organization of a Lodge Glee Club of 30 voices was a natural outcome of the minstrels.

A conference of officers and committee chairmen of the W. Va. State Elks Assn. was held at the Home of Fairmont Lodge on the afternoon of Dec. 17. D.D. Harry R. Cronin paid an official homecoming visit to the Lodge on that evening. The Drill Team of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482, was present to take part in the initiation of the candidates secured in the pig contest.

New Lodge is Instituted at Sumter, S. C.

On Monday, December 16, 1935, Sumter, S. C., Lodge, No. 855, was instituted with a membership numbering many prominent citizens of Sumter and the adjoining territory. The ceremonies were in charge of D.D. George M. Thompson of Charleston. After an initiation of candidates, the Lodge's officers were elected and installed. The initiation was in charge of the officers of Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190.

After the ceremonies a banquet was held and speeches were delivered by visiting and local Elks. Forty members of the Order were present

Right: an after-meeting party held by members of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, at the time of an important initiation of candidates. Some notable members of the Lodge do not appear in the picture although they were present



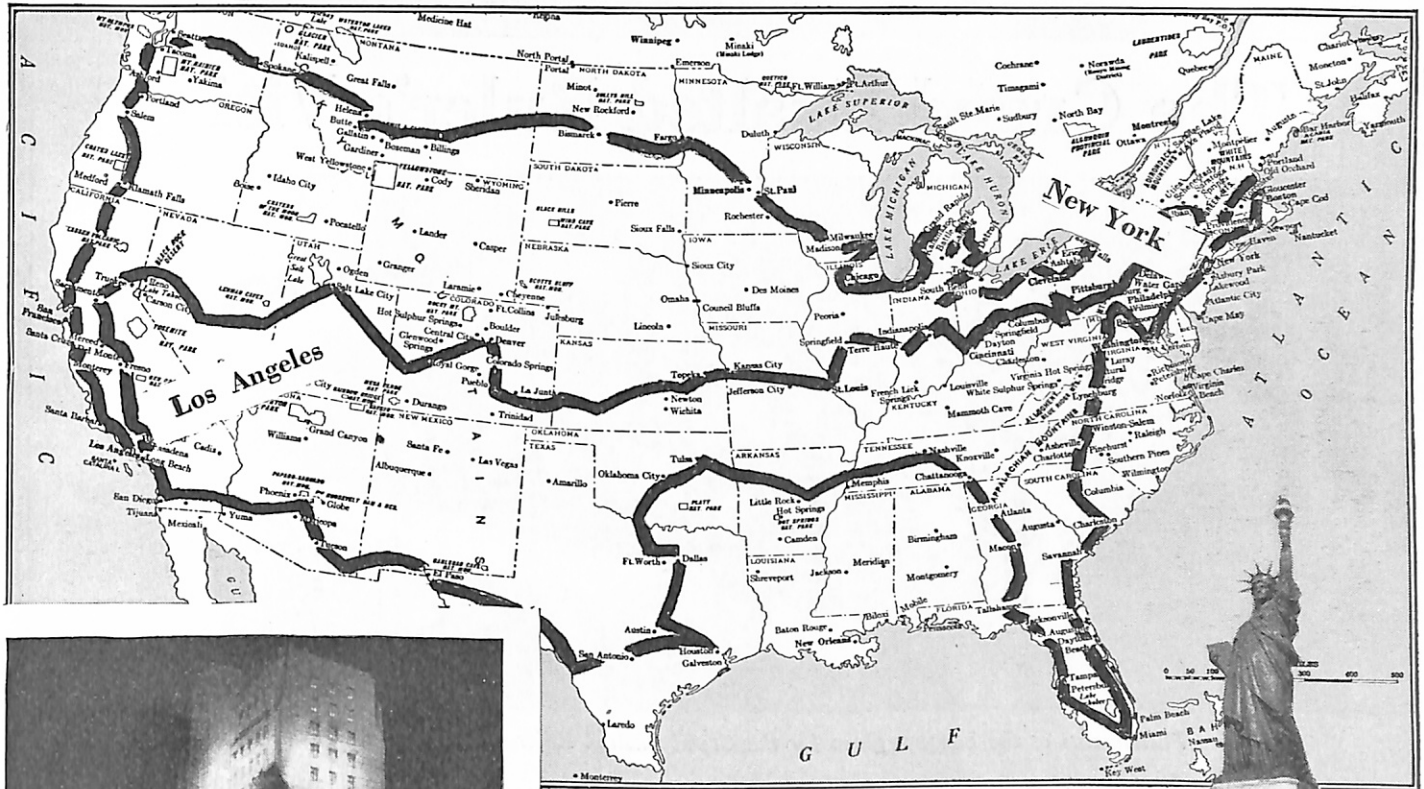
Below: Officers and new members of Charlotte, N. C., Lodge, initiated on the occasion of the official visit of D.D. Henry M. Durham



from Charleston, Columbia, Orangeburg and Florence, S. C., Lodges. The Lodge is established in its own quarters at 130 North Main Street. The building is situated on U. S. Federal Highway No. 15, the shortest route for tourist travel between the north and Florida, and all Elks traveling through that section are welcome to stop at the Lodge quarters for rest and information.

Shortly after its institution the Lodge suffered the loss of its newly-elected Secretary, Dr. C. H. DuRant. Dr. DuRant worked zealously for three months giving his entire time to the organization of Sumter Lodge. He acted as custodian or house manager and during the last two weeks of his life supervised the final details of getting the new quarters in shape. His death came as a great shock to the members who respected and admired him deeply.

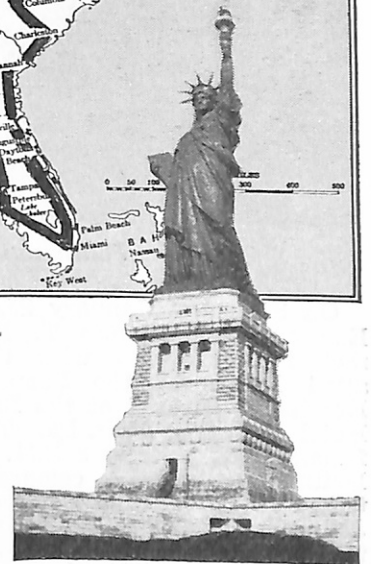
Left: The officers of Griffin, Ga., Lodge with a class of candidates they recently initiated into the Order



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The handsome Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge



By
Edward Faust

The 1936 Good Will Tour

Six Good Will Ambassadors Scheduled to Visit Subordinate Lodges from Atlantic to Pacific Coasts

PERHAPS it is because the Elks are so keenly aware of their social responsibilities that the Good-Will Ambassadors piloting the Purple and White cars on the annual Good-Will Tours have achieved a record for safe driving ever since the first Tour in 1929. Over this period of seven years, they have traveled more than 210,000 miles without a single major accident. Surely this is a striking example of what can be accomplished by the exercise of ordinary care and some consideration for the welfare of the other fellow on the road.

No one associated with these Tours believes that they are made at the leisurely pace of the vacationing sightseer, certainly not the Good-Will Ambassadors who exercise no choice in the itineraries they will take, no selection of the roads they will use. These two important fac-

tors are decided for them months in advance and the grey-bearded old gentleman with the hour-glass has a lot to say about it. In truth, he's very much the Boss for time is an all important consideration in planning the routes and the shortest distance between two points is the prevailing rule. Frequently this means speed, particularly out in the spaces of the West where distances between cities are great and more than one visit a day has to be made. But it is speed that is safe and sensible, on wide open roads where no other driver's safety can be jeopardized. In metropolitan areas it means strict observance of local traffic rules plus the few simple precautions which any driver can take.

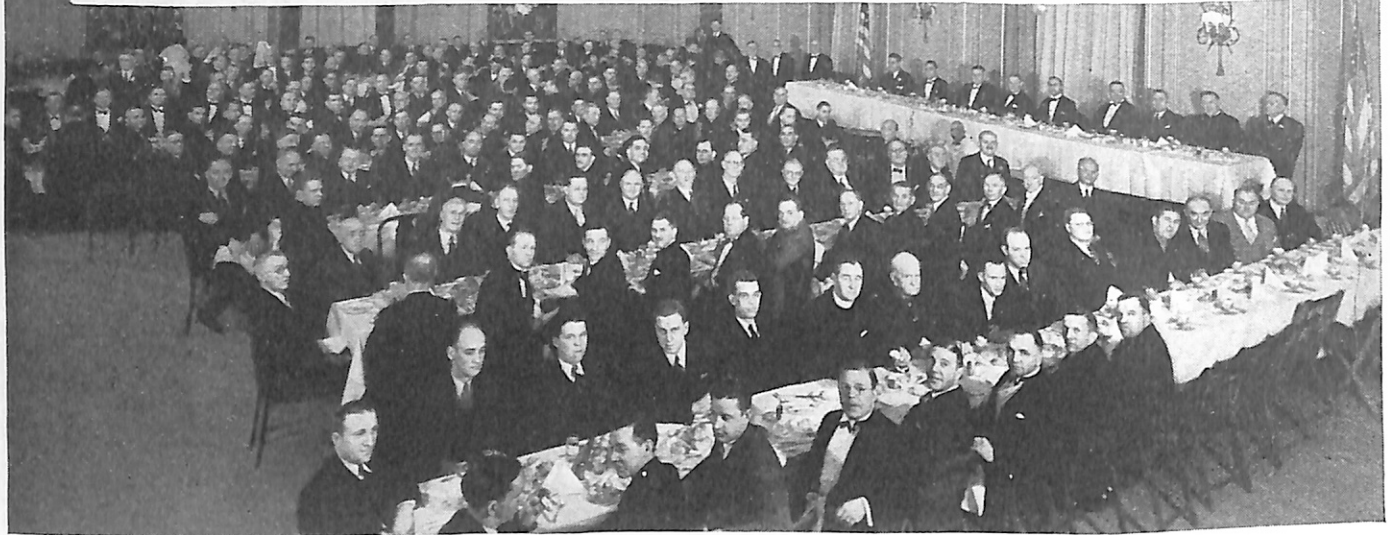
This does not imply that the Good-Will Ambassadors are paragons of driving virtue, it is merely one phase

of that sense of social responsibility inherent in all good citizens—particularly the members of our Order, and at the same time proves that regardless of distance, yes, of road and weather conditions too, it is possible to drive safely through the simple process of driving carefully.

This year the Good Will Ambassadors will be again faced with the same arduous schedule since the 1936 Tour leaving New York City on May 25th, is routed across the United States to Los Angeles via three separate transcontinental highways. Due to the many detours and side trips necessitated by acceptance of last-minute invitations from Lodges adjacent to the routes, the speedometers on the Purple and White cars will in all likelihood register several thousand miles in excess of the three

(Continued on page 48)

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



Participants at the banquet given for the Grand Exalted Ruler by Detroit, Mich., Lodge

On Saturday, January 25, Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan met in conference with the Exalted Rulers of the Pennsylvania Northwest District at the Broadhead Hotel in Beaver Falls, Pa. The conference took place at 3 P.M. Judge Hallinan delivered a comprehensive talk, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener of Charleroi Lodge took a prominent part in this interesting and constructive meeting.

A dinner at the hotel at 5:30 P.M. was the first event in connection with the Sixth Annual Round Up of the Pennsylvania Northwest District Association held on this same date at Beaver Falls Lodge, No. 348. Another dinner at 6:30 for the candidates who were initiated later in the evening, was in progress in the dining room of the Beaver Falls High School.

At 8:00 P.M. the initiation of the James T. Hallinan Class, numbering 135 members, was held in the High School Auditorium. A selected Degree Team of Exalted Rulers from the Lodges of the District, assisted by the Franklin Elks Lodge Orchestra, officiated, and the ceremonies

were magnificently performed. After the initiation, adjournment was made to the Home of Beaver Falls Lodge, where a buffet lunch and entertainment were provided.

Participating in the conference and in the accompanying festivities were D.D. L. D. Gent, Franklin; State Pres. Frank J. Lyons, Warren; Past State Pres.'s John F. Nugent, Braddock, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and F. J. Schrader, Allegheny Lodge; Wilbur P. Baird, Greenville, Pres. of the N.W. Dist. Assn., and C. S. Brown, Allegheny, Secy. of the S.W. District Assn., A. J. Fleischaner, Allegheny, State Tiler; P.D.D.'s R. C.

Robinson, Wilkinsburg; Walter C. DeArment, New Castle; C. W. Herman Hess, New Castle; Anthony J. Gerard, Knoxville, and John T. Lyons, Sharon; E.R.'s W. J. Casassa, Beaver Falls; J. A. Latona, Oil City; Lawrence Kinselman, Franklin; J. Blaine Walker, Bradford; A. M. Litz, Corry; Glenn E. Beckman, Greenville; L. Bruce Myers, Ellwood City; J. Gardner Young, Sharon; Joseph O. Carpenter, Rochester; R. V. Haas, Meadville; R. S. Headland, Butler, and Bertram Davis, New Castle; P.E.R.'s J. F. Berrigan, Beaver Falls; John Cifer, Jr., Sharon; R. B. Christy, Grove City, and David W. Frazier, Franklin; Secy.



Above: Distinguished Elks who were present at the Grand Exalted Ruler's meeting held at the Home of Greenwich, Conn., Lodge recently

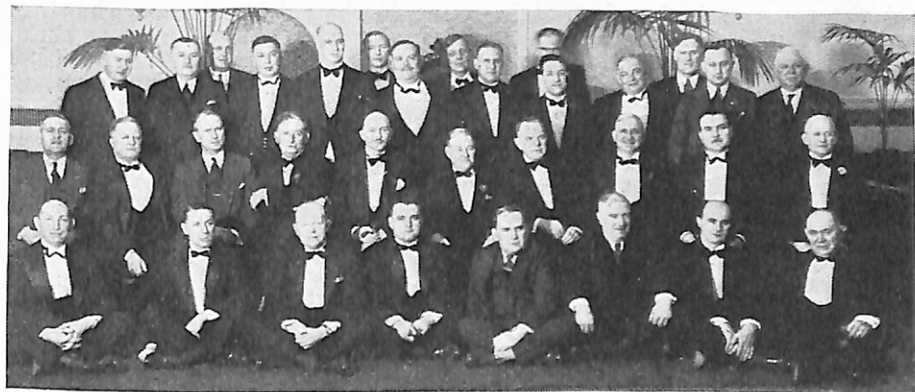
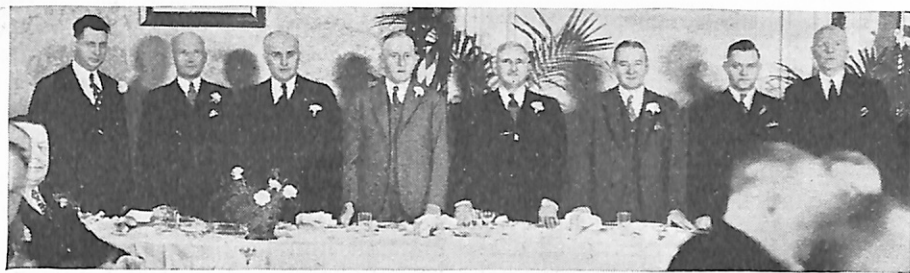


Left: A large assemblage of notable New York members of the Order who gathered at the Home of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge to greet Judge Hallinan when he paid his official visit to that Lodge

Grover C. Shoemaker, Bloomsburg; Joseph C. Clark, Tarentum; W. F. McPherson, Coraopolis, and Emmet McWharton, Sharon.

At noon on Sunday, January 26, Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan held another Exalted Rulers' Conference at the home of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12. A large crowd of enthusiastic Elks participated in the meeting and applauded the splendid speech made by Judge Hallinan. Among those who attended were D.D.'s Edward D. Smith, Lewistown; George J. Farver, Berwick; W. C. Kipp, Apollo; John S. Williams, Bristol, and A. L. Mitke, Freeland; P.D.D.'s K. L. Shirk, Lancaster; Wilbur G. Warner, Lehigh; C. C. Merrill, Harrisburg, and George E. Hoffman, Coatesville; Past State Pres.'s Scott E. Drum, Hazleton; F. J. Schrader, Allegheny, and P. M. Minster, Bristol; Vice-Pres.'s E. A. McDowell, Uniontown; J. P. Fitzpatrick, Pittston; Walter Dailey, Pittsburgh; W. J. Vannucci, Williamsport, and Thomas B. Bradley, Du Bois; E.R.'s W. Hensel Brown, Lancaster; Joseph B. Barnes, Philipsburg; Thomas Z. Minehart, Chambersburg; D. L. McCulloch, Al-

(Continued on page 48)



At Top: Those prominent Elks who sat at the Speakers' Table when Judge Hallinan visited Groversville, N. Y. Lodge

Bottom: Judge Hallinan, with a group of prominent New York State Elks, who tendered a reception to him at Rome, N. Y. Lodge

Three Candidates for Grand Lodge Office

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, announces that it will present the name of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters as a candidate for reelection at the 1936 Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Los Angeles next July.

Mr. Masters has been a prominent member of the Order since 1903. He served Charleroi Lodge as Exalted Ruler in 1908-09 and was a Representative to the Grand Lodge in 1909. In 1911-12 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. Three years later he became a Grand Trustee, acting as Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees for three years of his term. He was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare in 1920-21.

Mr. Masters was elected to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler in 1922. He served as a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission from that year—when he was a member ex-officio—until 1927, when he was elected Grand Secretary. He has been reelected to that office at every subsequent Grand Lodge Convention.

**Toledo, O. Lodge Presents
Edward J. McCormick
for Grand Treasurer**

It has been announced by Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, that it will present Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick as a candidate for re-

election at the national reunion to be held in Los Angeles this summer.

Dr. McCormick has been a prominent member of the Order since his initiation on August 7, 1913. He became Esteemed Loyal Knight of Toledo Lodge in 1925, Esteemed Leading Knight in 1926 and Exalted Ruler of Toledo Lodge in 1927. He was appointed District Deputy of the Ohio Northwest District in 1929 and has been a distinguished participant in Grand Lodge affairs ever since. In 1931 he became Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and was a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee in 1932-33-34. In 1934 he was appointed Grand Esquire and served in that capacity at the Columbus, Ohio, Convention in 1935. While in Columbus he was nominated and unanimously elected to the office of Grand Treasurer after the sad death of W. C. Robertson, his predecessor, had been announced.

**New York Lodge Presents
W. T. Phillips
for Grand Trustee**

New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, will offer the name of P.E.R. William T. Phillips, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, for reelection to the office of Grand Trustee at the 1936 Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles.

Mr. Phillips was initiated into the Order in 1900 and became Esquire

of New York Lodge in 1901. He served in various offices of the Lodge, and was Exalted Ruler for two terms—1905-06 and 1906-07. He was a Trustee until 1920 when he was elected to the office of Secretary which he has held ever since.

Mr. Phillips' career in the Grand Lodge has been an active one. He was appointed District Deputy for New York Southeast in 1909 and also in 1910. His services on Grand Lodge Committees are well known. He was a member of the Grand Lodge Ritual Committee in 1913-14, of the Ritual Commission in 1915-16-17-18, of the Good of the Order Committee in 1920, the Sanderson Memorial Committee in 1922, the Leach Memorial Committee in 1924, the Ritualistic Committee in 1928, and the State Associations Committee in 1930-31 through 1933, being Chairman for three terms. In 1935 he was elected Grand Trustee to fill the unexpired term of James T. Hallinan who had been elected Grand Exalted Ruler.

The New York State Elks Association has been especially benefited by Mr. Phillips' work. In 1913 he was elected Vice-President of the Association and over a period of many years, he served on various committees, and as a Trustee. He was elected State President in 1929, and is at present Chairman of the Elks Special Welfare Committee.

The Footprints

(Continued from page 7)

Smitty, a Pretty Boy; curving slowly, his lips remained cut deep into his cheeks. A man like Smitty. After a while he laughed softly, almost soundlessly, with a good deal of enjoyment. Connihan guessed she was crazy about him. Thinking that the muscles in his face tightened slightly, but he did not stop smiling. She loved him all right. And Connihan knew what he was—yellow and cheap, with nothing inside for a girl like Lily McGill to hold on to. She hadn't seen that; Connihan hadn't told her. How could he? It was something you felt, something you knew; it didn't come out easily in words. She'd have thought he told her just because—

Connihan's eyes blinked. He straightened and flipped his cigarette against the wall, so that for a moment the lighted end of it showered particles of flame upon the deep snow beneath. Fallen, they left a tiny spot of blackness each; and then these were covered over, softly, softly, by the great white flakes. Connihan watched that with a bitter thoughtfulness. And now Pretty Boy had turned rat; he had shot a man from darkness, in the back. And Lily McGill . . . After a while he moved against the wall, as if something had disturbed him that would not clarify itself in his mind—some emotion too vague to be named.

A FEW people had huddled together into the area, but Connihan did not move again until he caught the low whine of a radio car's siren in the street outside. Then he went on into the passage, meeting two uniformed patrolmen as they rounded the turn in the passage.

"Johnny Ferguson," he told them, moving one shoulder slightly toward the dead man. "He was going to spill something on the Carmagnac furs but a guy named Jerome Smith got to him first. This Smith lives in the neighborhood somewhere—the bartender in Rossiter's might know. Tell the homicide men when they come." He lit another cigarette and added Lily McGill's address. "Tell them try that if he isn't in his room. I'll wait over there." He nodded and went on up the stairs, walking not fast, but with a stolid deliberation.

It was steadily growing colder, with an edge of wind that cut stiffly into the side of his face. Breathing into the pulled up mound of his collar, the warm moistness of his breath beat back, and he chuckled deep, soft, as he thought of Smitty, the Pretty Boy. Killing a man—wouldn't that beat hell! Somehow Pretty Boy was tied up with the Carmagnac furs, then; but that con-

nection remained vague, and Connihan did not bother much about it.

He thought that Lily McGill was gone on him—probably she'd have married him long ago if it hadn't been for her father. Old Man McGill had never been much good; living in the neighborhood all his life, knowing Lily since she'd been a child, Connihan couldn't remember a time when old McGill had had a steady job. Lily had always supported him. He had poor eyes, the old man said—he couldn't work. Connihan had decided long ago, dispassionately, that he was a bum. There were things you could do without using your eyes.

ON the corner the wind ripped at him, whining down the narrow canyons of the streets with a shrilly echoing viciousness. Past the front of Leo Freund's warehouse he saw the sign before Lily McGill's dress shop swinging ponderously against the wind, creaking on its iron hooks. Just beyond that he turned into an apartment house that spread over the store, went up two flights of stairs and rapped his knuckles against a door on the left. It was an old fashioned, very modest house, with faded oilcloth in the halls and brass strips on each stair rim. There were two doors on a landing, with thick frosted glass constituting the upper halves of each; through this glass Connihan saw a reflection of light that was marred by a shadow crossing to him after his knock.

In a moment Lily McGill opened the door. She was dressed in a dark wool frock that had something like a gayly colored bandanna about the throat, falling forward in a solid V over her breast. It gave a warmth to the tired slenderness of her features, a subdued kind of light that softened the shadows of her eye hollows, and reflected itself with a thin luminosity against the slight roundness of her cheeks. Looking at her, Connihan nodded somberly, his small ugly eyes inscrutable.

"Con," Lily McGill said, with an accent of surprised pleasure. "Where have you been all these weeks? I've been wondering what happened to you. Come in."

He went in, the snow glistening in drops against his coat. His eyes moved around the room, noticing the one chair by the table, and the open magazine before it.

"I'd thought you'd forgotten me," Lily McGill said. "It's so long since you've been here."

That struck Connihan with a twisted humor. He smiled slowly and shook his head. "I've been busy. Don't get much time off. Has Smitty been around tonight?"

"No." She shook her head. "But

please let me have your things."

"Thanks." Connihan kept his hat in his hands, his coat buttoned around him. He did not doubt Lily McGill and yet he studied, without haste, without thinking about it, everything in the room, for Connihan was a careful man who had been trained to a certain procedure of action that nothing ever violated. When he saw that the small mat before the door had been muddled only by his own shoes he relaxed a little.

Watching him, Lily McGill laughed softly. "We used to be good friends, Con. You could sit down for a few minutes."

There was a dull kind of pain inside him. He looked at the windows, tightening his lips, not wanting her to talk about it. She was sitting on the arm of a chair, bent forward slightly, with her hands clasped in her lap. Her back was to the floor lamp, her face in shadow, and the light from behind deepened and grew ruddy against the smooth brown sheen of her hair.

"It wasn't important," Connihan said, to say something. "I just wanted to see him."

The thickness in his chest came again; there was a slight difficulty in speaking. He felt tired and sullen; thinking of Pretty Boy, his heart beat slowly with the old rage. He turned his hat over in his hands and said, "I'll push along. Some other time. Now I can't wait."

"Are you always in a hurry? For an old friend you're not very cordial, Con. Smitty might be up later. Occasionally he drops in for—"

THE abruptness and not the length of her pause drew Connihan's eyes. Turning, he followed her gaze to the door that led to the stairs, and the door across the glass upper half of saw across the glass upper half of that a man's form shaded out against the corridor light. It was a very thin form, not tall, narrow across the chest; the only detail that Connihan could see clearly was the outline of the derby hat. He was gone in a moment, without noise, as Connihan scowled and moved forward.

"It's nothing," Lily McGill said, with a hand on his arm. "Someone looking for an apartment. Don't bother, Con, please. I'll get you a drink."

Rising hurriedly, as if she were anxious to keep him, she crossed the room to a liquor cabinet in the far corner. When she came back with a glass Connihan took it thoughtfully, watching her. The form had been too small for Pretty Boy and apart from that he had little interest. Still he was puzzled, with a wonder as to whether or not she had known the

(Continued on page 32)



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A GOOD GUIDE  TO GOOD WHISKEY

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(Continued from page 30)
man. He decided not to give the guy too much time.

"I'll be going," he said, after drinking the whiskey, that sent warmth into the pit of his stomach, spread from there with expanding, comfortable feelers into his arms and legs. "Thanks for the drink."

"Goodbye," Lily McGill said. "Don't be such a stranger, Con."

He nodded from the stairs without looking back, his mind preoccupied. Not until he had reached the entrance below did the thought come to him that it might have been her father—small and dapper, furtive. That described Old Man McGill. But why hadn't he come in?

THERE didn't seem to be any plausible answer. Stopping in the vestibule Connihan drew on a cigarette and exhaled smoke dispiritedly against the outer doors. After a few minutes one of the homicide men came up the stoop. He said they'd had no luck; the bartender in Rositer's knew where Pretty Boy lived, but he had not been there. Connihan grunted at the news and went on waiting a while longer, until the last of the liquor warmth was beaten back by the slow chill that spread upward from his feet. Sometimes Smitty came to see her late—it had seemed worth a chance. But in ten minutes nobody came, nothing happened, and Connihan decided that Pretty Boy wouldn't be that much of a sucker. He pushed back the door and descended the short outer stoop, noticing absently that the snow had stopped at last.

Just as he reached the bottom of the stoop and turned right he saw a man in a derby hat come around the drug store corner, walking fast. He was a small man, wearing a dark blue coat with a velvet collar, and when he saw Connihan he stopped suddenly and turned back to the side street. After that he did an insane thing; looking past the corner at something Connihan couldn't see he stopped again, extended his hands palm out before him and drew his stomach in until his body was like a flattened U. He screamed—nothing that Connihan could understand—for the briefest part of a moment.

The shots were so many, so close together, that in the thick air they were countless. The dull booming notes seemed to go on and on, but they must have stopped before Connihan started to run. The screaming stopped too; the man in the derby hat fell on his face, his stomach humped up from the ground, and rolled over once into the bank of snow by the curb. Connihan ran past him to the corner and the side street; he saw no one there and sped past Leo Freund's warehouse to the alley bordering it at the side. It was dark there, alive with a low whisper of wind, uneasy with shadow; and when Connihan reached

its end and found nothing he raced back again, breathless with the weight of his great coat.

The little man was still breathing when Connihan reached him, but there was no awareness in the breath, no conscious action in the twisted and incessant puckering of his lips. Not until Connihan raised the head did he recognize Old McGill, Lily's father.

A cab sluiced across the avenue, spattering out snow as it pulled in to the curb. The driver and Connihan lifted the wounded man between them, and somebody coming out of the drug store ran back and held the door as they entered. On a bench against the far wall they laid Old McGill, with his velvet collar stained now, and his gray hair straggly over his pain torn face. A drug clerk in a white jacket came out from behind the counter, and Connihan growled, "Get him to talk," on his way to the phone booths in the rear. He called a hospital and Headquarters; when he came out again the store was miraculously full of people, and the drug clerk was bent over Old McGill.

There didn't seem to be anything Connihan could do. Standing there heat grew damply around his body and puffed out his face, so that he loosened his coat and rested one hand on a glass counter before the bench. Steam hissed out of a radiator in a high piping sound like a peanut vendor's whistle, and beating through that without blurring it was the sound of voices, and the infinitesimal moan Old McGill was making with his mouth. That went on and on, mingled with the steam and the voices—an incoherent murmur of pain that stretched itself out in an unchanging, horrible softness.

CONNIHAN wiped his face. Badly puzzled, he felt very hot and very angry, so that after a while he took off his scarf and flung it onto a chair. But he could not discard the anger; it showed in his small, brightly sullen eyes, in the set of his mouth. What the hell was going on? Old McGill had listened at the door while he talked to Lily; ten minutes later old McGill had been shot. Why? Smitty had killed Johnny Ferguson, and that was easy to understand if Smitty was hiding out one hundred thousand dollars worth of hijacked furs. But where did Old McGill come in? What would Smitty kill him for?

Those questions went on and on in Connihan's mind, suggesting no answer. The store seemed to be full of people, ringed around the bench at a distance of five feet so thickly that Connihan saw nothing of the wounded man save one of his arms hanging down, limp, the fingers resting on the floor. They curled a little, the voices stopped—for a deep, quiet moment everything stopped but the radiator noise, and then they all started again, confused and

stricken, all but the sound Old McGill had been making.

The drug clerk picked his coat off the floor and put it over his face. Connihan blinked, moving his shoulders inside the jacket. The old man hadn't talked. Not that he needed to; Smitty had killed Johnny Ferguson, and Smitty had killed him. The Pretty Boy had turned rat, and Connihan's lips parted slowly, slightly, without sound. He stared at the wall above Old McGill, without much expression, without any thought but his hate, until the door in back of him opened again.

It was Lily. She came in with a dark coat wrapped around her, and the whiteness, the rigidity, of her face pierced Connihan's own heart with a flame of torment. Looking at her it was as if in some not quite clear way he was betraying her, as if he alone should have protected Lily McGill, cherished her and kept her safe. Nothing harsh should ever touch Lily McGill—no pain, no worry, no care. He felt as if he should do something, but what it was remained indefinite and obscure, and the knowledge of his helplessness seemed to corrode him inside, with an intensity deeper than any physical pain.

SHE did not cry. She stood just before him, staring down at her father so that Connihan could not see her face, until an interne came and looked at him, and put the coat back over him again. When she turned after that he gripped her arm and murmured something, with no idea what it was, for he could not think of anything to say? Then he went with her from the store, along the avenue to her house, and in the vestibule there she cried for the first time, in a brief, sudden burst that shook her body. The sounds of that distracted Connihan. He whispered, "Don't, Lily. It's all right. It's—" Against the door he made a savage and bewildered motion, as if there were something about them he could close his hands on and subdue, something that would stop the pain from touching her. He knew that Old McGill had never been much, yet he had been her father, and she cried for him in a dimly lit, cold hallway, against a dingy wall that seemed made for sorrow. Connihan watched her, helpless, fiercely inarticulate, with murmured words that had no coherence, and an insane desire to hurt himself, to smash his hands against the wall so that he could feel the pain.

Suddenly she stopped. Without raising her head she said, "Go home, Con. I'll be all right. Mrs. Carrow will stay with me."

"Good night," Connihan answered, unsteadily. "If you want anything let me know. Will you, Lily?"

He watched her to the head of the stairs, where she turned and the

(Continued on page 34)



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A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

(Continued from page 32)

soft shadow spread over her. Even after she was gone he remained there, while the desperate anger in his mind glowed and spread, glittering under the heavy lids of his eyes.

It was past one. Outside he saw a few uniformed men and one or two of the homicide squad leaving the drug store, but he went in and got his scarf without speaking to any of them. In an all night coffee pot he stopped and drank two hot cups, without cream or sugar, and then he went home, walking slowly through the silent streets.

He lived three blocks away, in a small, red brick apartment house. His two rooms were on the left of the landing, with the stairs to the upper floors at his back, he put the key in the lock. Before he could turn it and go in there was a sound from the stairs behind him. Someone said, "Con."

HE knew the voice. Not turning, one arm holding the door back, he waited until she had passed before clicking the light switch on the wall. Lily McGill was dressed as he had last seen her, in the dark coat. She had no color even in her lips. She put one hand on his arm and looked up at him with her eyes enormous and dark in her pale face. "Con," she repeated. "Some detectives came up to get the keys of the store from me. They'd seen the fur coats in my window and they said they wanted to look at them. One of them told me that a man named Jerome Smith killed Ferguson. He said he killed my father. That he'd stolen furs and he was afraid of being caught."

Connihan's heavy, lidded eyes came around and studied her. He did not speak.

"It couldn't be Smitty," Lily McGill said, without excitement, quietly insistent. "He couldn't do those things. I know him, Con. And I know never, never, never—Never, Con."

The anger brooding in Connihan turned on her. "Pretty Boy! He couldn't do it. He—Sure he couldn't," Connihan said. "I guess he's too nice looking. Is that it?"

She looked up at him whitely. "You don't think he did, Con?"

Facing her with his head thrust forward and lowered, Connihan laughed. "Listen," he said. "I was right behind Johnny Ferguson when he was killed. He saw who shot him and he hollered out the name just before the shots. I heard him say it—me, Lily. So it isn't something you can think about. It's sure." He placed his hands on the table, at either side of him, and chuckled savagely. "That's how it is, Lily. It's pinned on Pretty Boy as certain as his face."

"No," she whispered, looking at him with a kind of horror. "Smitty couldn't. You know he couldn't."

Connihan shrugged. He rubbed his fingernails against the side of

his coat, with a pent violence in him that quivered the veins in his neck. After a long moment he said harshly, "If you had furs in your window you got them off Pretty Boy. You never used to sell them. The little rat tried to cover himself up by using you."

"He's dead now and it doesn't matter," Lily McGill said tiredly. "It wasn't Smitty who gave me the furs—it was father. I didn't know they were stolen, Con. He told me he'd done some work for a storage place and they'd given him a few unclaimed things in payment. Then he kept bringing more as soon as I'd sold the others, and I thought something was wrong, though he'd never admit it. So tonight, when he was listening to us at the door I tried to stop you from seeing him. If you had—if you only had—"

Staring at his nails without seeing them, Connihan did not answer. In the same tired voice Lily McGill went on: "We were going to be married, Con. I love Smitty. I know he couldn't—"

The hoot of laughter that came from his lips surprised Connihan. Pushing away from the table, still laughing, with a dark brutality in his face, he walked to the other side of the room.

"So what? Maybe I'm supposed to bawl. To hell with him," Connihan said in a loud voice. "He'll get the chair. He ought to. And I'm the one that'll put him there. Me." He clenched one fist and smashed it against his chest, twice, heavily.

STANDING by the door, watching him, she seemed to have gathered all her life in her eyes. "I'm alone, Con. Father's gone, and Smitty. I've no one in the world but you. And you're strong, Con—you're strong and brave. Smitty isn't. He's like a boy with you. And there isn't anyone else that can help him."

"Me," Connihan said, as if that were funny. He threw back his head and stared at the ceiling, his lips curved down soundlessly. "Con," she said. "I hurt you. I know that. But it isn't something you can pick and choose. You can't help it. It isn't because you say something or do something that it happens. It's just—" She stopped, staring somberly at him, raised her hands and let them fall in a small gesture of hopelessness. "I knew you loved me, Con. If I had never met Smitty I'd have married you because you did, because you wanted me. And I'll still do it, Con. If you help him I'll marry you. I'll—"

Connihan made a furious step toward her. He asked harshly: "What are you talking about?"

She kept looking at him steadily. "I mean it. I'll marry you, Con. But you can't leave Smitty facing that. He's not like you—you're strong and I've always felt your strength. I've always felt it was

there for me, that if I ever needed it or needed you I had only to ask. And I need it now, Con."

Raising his eyes, Connihan stared at her from under his brows. Then slowly he shook his head. Sob story—maybe she thought he'd go for it. "All right." Her smile was more of a grimace—desperate, brief, taut. "All right. But I meant what I said, Con. I'll marry you."

AT the door she paused, and Connihan watched her sullenly without any move to stop her. When she had gone and closed it after her, he remained with his body propped against the table, his eyes fixed before him with an unwinking small glitter. Presently he moved over to the chair and picked up his hat and coat, stared at them a moment before putting them on. Going out he left the light on, the door to the corridor half ajar.

It was after two by his wrist watch. Over the street, over the city, the dark spell of early morning hours brooded timelessly, covering with a charmed stillness the house fronts and the darkened windows, the fixed arc lamps and the deserted streets. Connihan moved along with his head lowered, feeling savagely amused, wondering if she thought he was a sucker. She had come up there and cried and he was supposed to—Connihan chuckled harshly. Fat chance, he thought. Fat chance! She couldn't help it; it was just something, and she didn't even know what that something was.

His mouth fixed itself in the silent, mirthless grin. The sob stuff was supposed to get him. She had said she was alone; she had no one in the world but him. And she had felt that if ever she needed him . . .

To hell with that, Connihan thought. He wasn't a fool and he didn't go for hero stuff. Pretty Boy was going to have her—if he could save himself. Connihan laughed soundlessly again and moved across the street. How could Pretty Boy do that? Wasn't the proof in Connihan's mind, in Connihan's ears, ringing there in the murdered man's own voice? Smitty. There wasn't even another name that resembled it. Connihan had come out for air; he wasn't a fool. Just because she cried about things and made crazy promises that she'd never keep . . .

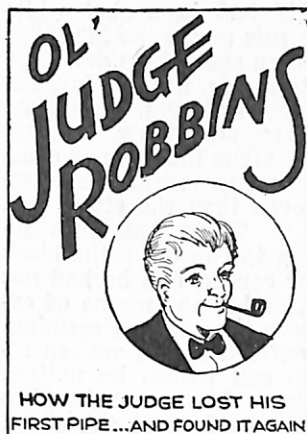
His brain seemed to get very dry, very hot, as if the blood inside his skull had thickened and ceased to move. Under his feet the frosted crisp surface of the snow crackled and snapped, sending tiny echoes against the dark walls of the street like whispers of invisible things deep in the shadow. If she ever needed him . . . The words ran through his head, again and again, their repetition rousing in him something at once vague and forceful. Around him like a city of the dead the silent houses extended row on row, with an unspeakable utter loneliness about

them—the signs of men, their habitations, their marks. Somehow those things were more dreadful than emptiness, and looking at them Connihan felt small and lost. He felt the desolation, the loneliness, deep, deep, in his heart. She'd marry him. She meant that. Connihan had never doubted it.

And he knew that if he did not have Lily McGill the loneliness would always be with him. At times, in daylight, in crowds, maybe he'd forget it; but it would always be hidden in his heart, brooding, patient. He'd always have to come back to it. And if he saved Pretty Boy he'd have Lily McGill; the loneliness would be gone. Connihan stared before him bleakly. He thought why not? She didn't love him but that would come. In years she'd see...

ON the corner, the four roads spreading emptily away before him, Connihan thought that he might have been the only living man in the world. To Lily McGill he was that. If she ever needed him... He tried to keep that thought away from him, for there was something about it that gave him a shamed pain. Lily McGill had offered it herself and Connihan wasn't a fool. He didn't believe in chivalry. Why not, Connihan thought?

He could make her happier than Pretty Boy—was there a doubt about that? When she got older, and settled, and saw what it was about, she'd thank him. Walking ahead faster he could see the loneliness banished, and Lily McGill in his arms. Pretty Boy! The thought of him came to Connihan almost kindly, fringed with contempt. What could he offer a girl like Lily McGill? What did he have deep in him, inside? She had come to him because she had felt his strength, she had depended on him in the way Connihan expected a man to depend on a woman. She would never have come to Pretty Boy like that? Hadn't she admitted it? Thinking that, a warmth filled him, a glow that rippled exquisitely through his veins. A strange fever raced in his brain, accelerating its processes, clarifying them, so that freeing Pretty Boy seemed at once simple and clear. It was odd how, just by considering it, he saw how absurd it was to think that Pretty Boy had killed two men. A killer had either desperation or courage—Smitty had neither. Johnny Ferguson could have been mistaken, for the passage was dark, and in his terror he mightn't have seen the face clearly. It seemed simple to Connihan. Pretty Boy was not the killer. Someone else was. And all he had to do was find that someone. With the new warm sureness stirring inside he crossed the avenue, passed the big intercity truck that was loading up for an overnight haul outside Leo Freund's warehouse, and reached the mouth of the alley.



YOU KNOW, SHERIFF, I'VE GOT THE FIRST PIPE I EVER OWNED RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION! I BOUGHT IT UP IN THE NORTH WOODS IN A LOGGIN' CAMP — AND PROMPTLY BURNED MY INITIALS ON IT



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE SPRING DRIVE! I WAS JUST A KID THEN — ONE DAY I LOST MY FOOTING



IT LOOKED AS THOUGH I WAS A GONER!



GOSH, IT'S LUCKY YOU HEARD ME YELL FOR HELP!



HEARD YOU? SAY, NOBODY HEARD NOTHIN' IN ALL THIS UPROAR —

THE BOSS LOGGER HAD SEEN MY PIPE COME FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER — THAT'S WHEN HE FIRST FIGGERED I WAS IN TROUBLE —



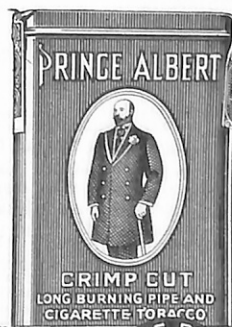
A CORNCOB — EH? THAT'S THE KIND I SMOKE MYSELF — LOADED WITH PRINCE ALBERT!

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It was Prince Albert that popularized the improved cut—"crimp cut." And Prince Albert that brought forward the special P. A. process that banishes all "bite." It is made from choicest tobaccos and recognized as the world's leading smoking tobacco. Great for pipes and roll-your-own cigarettes too.



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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

"My Dodge Will Cost Less—

Than Small Car"—Says
CHARLOTTE WARD of New York



I am getting over 19 miles per gallon of gas from my new Dodge Beauty-Winner.



It is consuming at least 18% less oil. So far I have not had to spend a single cent on upkeep.



I have figured out these savings very carefully . . . and I know that my big Dodge Beauty-Winner will cost me less than a small competitive car based on gas, oil and upkeep savings the first year alone.

Mrs. Ward's experience with her big, new, Money-Saving Dodge confirms the happy experience of Dodge owners in all parts of the country, who report 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gas and savings up to 20% on oil.

DODGE

NEW LOW FIRST COST

NOW \$ **640** and up,
ONLY List Prices at Factory, Detroit

And under the new Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company 6% Time Payment Plan, Dodge is now so easy to pay for!

Old McGill had been shot while he stood on this corner, so his killer must have been somewhere down the street, on this side, not too far, for Old McGill had bad eyes, and yet he had seen the man and the gun clearly enough. Connihan himself had come around the corner within ten seconds, but even then the street had been empty. There had been no time for him to run down the block to the other corner, and he had not used a car, so his one means of escape had been the alley. Frowning, Connihan entered it and walked almost to its end before he noticed an odd thing. The arc light here illumined the surface of the snow, and on the white spread of that Connihan saw a set of footprints. They were far apart, impressed deeply, as if they had been made by a running man.

THE odd thing about them was that Connihan knew the prints were his own. After the shooting he had run through the alley, making them; but in his rush he had not stopped to look for other marks. A killer was a man. He'd leave footprints in snow—he wouldn't vanish into air. But if he hadn't used the alley, if he hadn't gone down the street—Connihan frowned. He came back through the alley and stood in its end for five minutes, watching the truckmen in front of the warehouse load a bureau on their van. There was a different kind of excitement in him now; he had almost forgotten Lily McGill.

When the truckmen went into the warehouse again he followed them. It was warmer in the corridor; he took his hands out of his pockets and rubbed them together and put them back. In a big room off to his left the truckmen moved about, sliding something heavy across the floor, their breathing labored. Connihan did not look in. At the end of the corridor a wooden partition revealed cracks of light behind it, and Connihan walked up to that and opened the door.

Sitting before a desk across the room, Leo Freund was making some entries in a ledger. He turned his head, looking surprised at first and then jovial. "Connihan," he said. "I thought it was one of the truckmen. Sit down. You're out late."

Connihan remained standing. "Yeh," he answered. "I thought maybe you saw or heard something when Old McGill was shot. The guy when that didn't have run down the street; he didn't use the alley. And I got around the corner so fast that the only place he could have ducked into was here. Did you have your front door locked?"

"A terrible thing," Leo Freund said, shaking his head. "But my door was locked, Connihan—I always look after that myself. And I heard nothing. Your man might have slipped in one of the houses further down the street."

"No," Connihan said, patiently. "There wasn't the time. He might have got in through a window or something. I'll look around."

"Sure." Leo Freund nodded heartily. "Wait'll I blot this and I'll help you. I liked that old man."

Pushing back his chair, he got up and crossed to a cabinet in the far corner. He drew it open without hurry, humming slightly, and Connihan watched him with nothing visible in his round, ugly face, nothing moving only his right hand. Then Leo Freund turned around very quickly, his face white and savage, and Connihan pressed down the index finger of his right hand. A splotch of red appeared on the white sleeve of Leo Freund's shirt, just over the elbow, and he went back against the cabinet, snarling, though Connihan could not hear that in the echoes of the shot. The automatic Leo Freund had tried to swing up from the cabinet drawer was smashed from his right hand into the desk, and rebounded from there to the floor. Footsteps pounded across the wood floor outside; the two truckmen showed startled faces in the doorway. "In," Connihan said, moving his revolver towards them. "If you don't know what it's all about just keep quiet and everything will be fine. You with the windbreaker get Police Headquarters on the phone."

THE man in the windbreaker crossed to the desk, keeping his hands high. He said what Connihan told him to, and hung up. Against the cabinet Leo Freund stood motionless, watching Connihan with slitted black eyes that held no humor now.

It was so clear in Connihan's mind that he chuckled, returning the look. He felt tired and yet the triumph, the warm glow in him, transformed that weariness into something exuberant.

"Smart," he said, for that exuberance needed speech. "Very smart, Leo. The only thing you forgot was footprints in the snow. Or maybe you were thinking up a new funny story, and you didn't notice that the snow had stopped just before McGill left here. I didn't think about that myself until I looked in the alley just now."

"If you're talking to hear yourself—" Leo Freund snarled.

Connihan chuckled again. "You wish you were sure of that. McGill was one of the men you had getting rid of the Carmagnac furs—you got him to go around to his girl with a story about getting them because they were unclaimed. He knew they were hot but she didn't, and tonight when I talked to her he was listening outside the door. Then he came around to tell you I was up there—he must have thought I knew more than I did. And you figured too that the heat was on, and you knew the old guy would crack if we put it to him strong. So you started to fol-

low him out, maybe meaning to finish him off in his own hallway. But when he saw me coming down the stoop and started to come back you saw how perfect that was. It was late and no one was around to see you; so you shot him from your own doorway and ducked back in. You didn't know I'd be around the corner in ten seconds, so that I could see no one ran down the block. It fooled me a while—I figured he's gone through the alley. Then when I saw the footprints I knew he hadn't, and if he couldn't have got down the street without me seeing him, if he didn't use the alley, the only place he could have got in was here. And if the door was locked, like you said, he must have got in here. At that I wasn't sure until you tried to pull a gun on me. Naturally you didn't want anyone looking around here until you had the furs removed."

"Nothing," Leo Freund said, his mouth narrow and straight, scarcely moving. "There's no proof that—"

"Ballistics, ballistics," Connihan said. "That's a great thing. They can take a bullet out of a man and match it up with another fired from a gun. They can always tell if it's the same. You couldn't throw the gun that killed McGill in the street, before your door. That might be a giveaway. So it might be the one on the floor. You killed Johnny Ferguson too because he'd found out you were handling the furs, and when you saw me in the bar you knew he was going to spill it. I knew he was frightened by someone there, but I thought it was Pretty Boy. And I should have thought a long time ago that anybody who could imitate a voice perfect telling jokes, could do it other times too. Ferguson's squeaky one was simple for you. You went out the front way, came around and waited in the passage because you knew Ferguson would go the way you hadn't. Then when you saw me come out after him you had an inspiration. You knew I didn't like Smitty—I guess you figured I'd be glad to pin anything on him. So you yelled that stuff out, so close to Ferguson that it sounded like him—it was a cinch for an expert like you to get his voice down pat. Of course it surprised Ferguson, you hollering like that, and before he knew what it was all about you shot him. A hundred grand worth of furs was worth it."

"The furs," Leo Freund said, making his voice steady. "I have none."

Connihan scratched his cheek. "You're moving a lot of bureaus. They got drawers. Later on we can take a peek inside them."

But looking at Leo Freund's face, he knew that he really wouldn't have to do that.

It was all over in half an hour. Connihan locked the warehouse doors and watched the police cars move off, then went on down the block to the corner. Drawing the thin, cold air into his lungs he felt as if



I've just seen 25th Century Magic

by Graham McNamee, *Ace Radio and Sports Commentator*

I HAVE SEEN amazing feats of skill in my years as a radio reporter and sports announcer—but I've just witnessed the most remarkable demonstration of skill and accuracy I ever laid eyes on!

The other day I made an inspection trip through the Gillette factory in Boston where Gillette blades are produced. Here is a house of magic if there ever was one! The equipment there is as amazing—as bewildering—as the mechanical wonders you'd expect to see 500 years from now.

These Gillette machines are so accurate, so finely adjusted that they turn out shaving edges which are actually *invisible*—edges measuring about 1/80,000 of an inch in thickness! It takes sheer magic to measure edges as fine as these. And that's why they use an exclusive "magical" device called the "photo-electric eye" in which a beam of light gauges sharpness with amazing accuracy.



But there are more wonders—more 25th-Century instruments—designed to make the finest razor blade that modern science and superlative skill can produce.

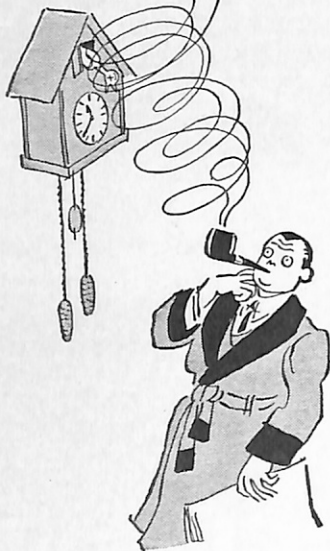
Can you imagine a hardening furnace room as cool and immaculate as an office . . . four-ton blade sharpeners adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch . . . microscopes that magnify an object 3,000 times . . . hardness testers that use diamonds, real square cut diamonds . . . an X-ray-like machine that "sees" through steel . . . abrasives as fine as cake flour!

With all this amazing scientific equipment . . . this painstaking craftsmanship . . . this superhuman accuracy, I just don't see how Gillette blades could possibly be equalled for downright shaving comfort. In fact, if all men could see what I've just seen, I feel sure they'd always say "Gillette" when they ask for razor blades.

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WHY—oh why!—will otherwise estimable gentlemen stroll about polluting the air with chokey tobacco in a dammed-up pipe? The only plausible reason is that they haven't yet discovered the innocent pleasure of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco in a well-kept pipe! Sir Walter is a well-bred mixture of fragrant Kentucky Burleys selected to smoke milder and smell sweeter. Try your first tin. Birds will chirp, men and women welcome you with open arms. It's 15¢—wrapped in heavy gold foil for extra freshness.

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it pierced him inside, drained him in a moment of all warmth. Connihan shivered. Great white clouds floated slowly across the sky, but in the spaces between innumerable stars glittered down at him with a bright indifference that made him feel small and unimportant and discouraged.

EVEN the thought of Lily McGill, the knowledge that now she was his, didn't help him. Connihan, tired and cold and without the fever in his mind, knew that he'd been a sucker. Pretty Boy! He spread his heavy lips and grinned, in a dull emptiness that lacked thought. Glancing up at the sky again he got a queer impression that he was way off up there, looking down from an inconceivable height at his own tiny figure motionless in the bleak canyon of the street, a little dot abandoned under the desolate glitter of the stars. And he had Lily McGill—sure. She was a good kid and she'd keep her promise.

Connihan rubbed his forehead. He thought he'd been a fool because he could see now how crazy it had all been. She loved Pretty Boy and she'd always want him. Nothing that Connihan could do would ever change that. For a moment the emptiness filled his mind again; and then as he walked on to where the windows of the coffee pot glittered with a dusky paleness against the dark fronts of the houses Connihan saw suddenly that what he had Pretty Boy could never alter. After

that a lot of funny thoughts came into his mind, and when she answered the phone they all swarmed thickly, confusedly, about him, as if they tried to express themselves in words. He wanted to tell her that it was all right about the promise, and to forget it; Connihan didn't have to get anything that way. And he wanted to tell her too that he didn't mind, that he had a part of her now that Pretty Boy could never have, that no one and nothing could ever change. It was as if she had given herself to him in some deep and inexplicable and yet solid way. She'd come to him as Connihan had always desired—in her dependence, her need, for strength. Pretty Boy would have other things; but he wouldn't have anything like that. Connihan wanted to tell her that that one part of her would always be his; and when he heard her voice it seemed to him that it was the better part, the core. He was strong and he could give her happiness. What else was a man for?

THOSE were the things Connihan wanted to say to her; but of course he couldn't say them. He only told her that everything was fine, that they'd got the man, and that Smitty would be all right. Then he hung up without waiting for an answer, and when he was out on the street again an odd, bleak kind of happiness closed him in. No, nothing could change that. Nothing could touch it. Not even the loneliness. Not even Pretty Boy...

These Are the Good Old Days

(Continued from page 10)

in toy banks, for there are numerous collectors who specialize in them, and a dealer in New Jersey makes a practice of buying up penny banks and selling them to nuts all over the country.

Inability to keep your eyes open may cost you lots of money.

You may possibly be throwing away or at least overlooking stuff which some collector wants or will want some day. Remember, certain articles have always stood the test of time. There is only so much historical material in the United States, and good paintings, old clocks, firearms and well-made furniture is an investment. If you came across a share of American Telephone stock by chance you'd treat it carefully and hold onto it. Treat your antique finds with the same respect.

Antiques. What does the word mean? The dictionary defines an antique as anything very old; in general, the word can mean anything you like according to what you are talking about. The strictest definition of an antique is something a hundred years old, but many things

made within the last thirty years come under that category because science has outdistanced them and they are no longer used. An antique may not seem so to you. Mr. Manley recalls a country school teacher who was saved by an antique less than fifty years old which she had carelessly discarded. It seems she had married a rich farmer who died leaving her only the furnishings of the homestead. As she had been a teacher in town for years and was beloved by everyone, her former pupils agreed privately with the auctioneer to have him appraise the assets at the \$1,000 necessary for her to enter the county poorhouse, they to make up the balance. A search of the house by Mr. Manley revealed little of value. Was there anything else? Nothing! He went through the barn, out into the woodshed, his trained eye looking everywhere, and on a bundle of shavings discovered a faded pink chintz bed-spread used by the dog. After it had been dry cleaned, he auctioned it off for \$800.

These are the good old days. Kicking round the house are things that

someone is going to want badly in a few years. Get ahead of the fads, not abreast of them; remember that the things which are not fashionable or sought after this month may be things everyone wants before long.

THE folks who liked Victorian things twenty-five years ago when they were a joke, and started collecting chairs, tables and sofas at that time, are able to cash in today. The early lovers of Currier and Ives prints can make a big turnover of their investments. I know a man who is interested in hitching posts, another who collects vinegar jugs, and already lots of people are watching for good specimens of these two items that you couldn't get the junkman to accept a few years ago. American pressed glass lay all over the place for years in second hand shops; nobody would take it as a gift. Then in 1931 Ruth Webb Lee published her volume with its descriptive photographs, the craze was on and prices soared. The fortunate collectors who had an interest in it or saved what old glass was in their possession, were in the money.

Would you care for an idea of just what things fetch in a small town auction? Among a number of articles sold about a year ago in Poland, Ohio, were a heavy glass tumbler for \$6; a grease lamp with grease bowl for \$5; a brass lamp to burn whale oil, \$8.50; an inlaid shaving stand and mirror, \$12.50; a glass salt shaker, \$5; a clear Bermuda chest, \$30; a spinet grand piano, \$42.50; a pewter sugar bowl, \$4; a Victorian haircloth chair, \$16; a grandfather clock, \$115; and a four poster mahogany bed, \$25. Prices have risen since this auction, which was held in the fall of 1934. Obviously, also, in a city auction room many of these items would bring larger prices.

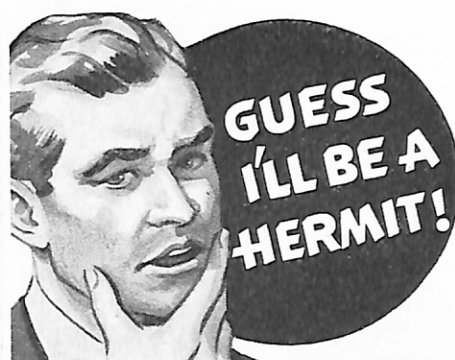
Notice that most of the things were homely furnishings used about the house and likely to be in anyone's possession. That's part of the fun of antique hunting, the commonest things, that you use every day or have seen kicking about the place for years, may have a real value. A housewife in a small Indiana town was helping her neighbor wash the dishes one evening when she noticed that among the utensils in the kitchen drawer was a small silver spoon. It was a piece fashioned by the famous silversmith and equally famous historical character, Paul Revere. Yet it had been carelessly used for stirring soups and sauces in the kitchen. This piece was sold for \$25. Possibly you've got just such a piece in your kitchen and have overlooked it. If so, it can be turned into cash because Paul Revere silver is always in demand. A Californian recently bought a silver coffee pot bearing his mark for the record price of \$4,500.

Old books, too, are valuable. Indeed, many books of recent vintage sell at a premium if they happen to

be first editions. And first editions are put out every day. Had you been smart you would have gobbled up a copy of Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tales," or Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" or others that were ordinary novels when they appeared and are now sought by collectors. Certain authors are, of course, more popular than others; but old books are valuable whether first editions or not, provided they come from the library of some celebrated person or have a well known bookplate in them.

SOMETIMES you get to thinking that collecting doesn't make any sense. Maybe not. There's a man who pays big money for old fashioned one-wheel bikes, a museum for antique automobile models, and a gent who collects ancient typewriters—he has now 230 with 410 to go—and the latest craze, or one of them, because by the time this appears it will doubtless have been supplanted half a dozen times, is the collecting of keys. Are you a keyologist? Neither am I; but should you happen to come across an old fashioned key, don't throw it away. No telling what it may be worth to some member of the fraternity. Keys have sold for as much as \$275, this price was for a solid gold key that was beautifully chased by a Venetian goldsmith and once hung on the girdle of a Doge. The ordinary key sells for anything from a few dollars up, depending upon its age and how much it may be needed by someone who wants it to complete a collection. There are all kinds of keys, yes, and all kinds of key collectors who specialize in some variety or branch of the art. There are plain keys, fancy keys, tiny watch keys, French iron keys, old American colonial keys, fraternity keys, honorary keys to cities, wooden keys, copper keys, clock keys, keys as long as your arm and keys as short as a paper-clip. Some nut even collects—believe it or not—keys fashioned by the inmates of asylums who hoped to use them as a means of escape. So get busy and dig up that key.

Now let's suppose you've found it, or found something that looks as if it might be of value. What's the next step? The first thing is to determine for your own information its approximate value. You can do this in several ways; by consulting the antique pages of newspapers and magazines. Libraries, even the smallest, all have books on antiques, with descriptions of china, glass and furniture that will enable you to fix the period of your find and make a guess at its worth. Should it seem to be really old and authentic, write to the nearest museum (not forgetting to enclose a stamped envelope for the reply) and ask the name of an appraiser. Because when a thing is of value \$5 or \$10 spent on appraisal is seldom wasted. Suppose you have your hopes confirmed; the gate-legged table or the old book is really



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COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE"
SHAVES LAST
HOURS LONGER





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■ Now a daily "sun bath" in the privacy of your own home, will keep you looking like a Million Dollars—and feeling as physically fit as you look.

LOOK HEALTHY . . . BE HEALTHY

■ A sales manager attributes his recent increase in personal sales to his "prosperous-appearing, healthy, just-back-from-Palm-Beach look." A few minutes each morning or night with his Sun Lamp does it. A leading Hollywood movie star, on leave for personal appearance in a Broadway stage production, keeps her fashionable Tan in the same way.

■ But your daily bath with ultra-violet rays does far more than enhance your appearance. For these rays actually help to increase youthful vigor and vitality. They tend to stimulate glandular functions. Ultra violet rays are known to be remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases and in destroying germ life. Many cases of pimples and temporary blemishes have yielded quickly to their purifying action. These rays have often been found unusually effective in cases of listlessness and anemia and are an invaluable aid in the treatment of rickets. Children have responded rapidly to their beneficial results.

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■ We want you to experience the remarkable benefits the perfected HEALTH RAY SUN LAMP brings. We offer you FREE use for 7 days in your own home . . . 7 days works wonders in the way you look and feel! Then if you decide to keep it, it is yours for the remarkable new low price of \$7.50. Pay as little as one dollar down payment.

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■ Build up your resistance and vitality so that your system will easily throw off germs and poisons. Insure yourself against illness the sunshine way.

■ Now, for the first time, a really high grade Ultra-Violet Sun Lamp, bearing the stamp of approval of some of the highest testing laboratories, is within the reach of all. So—because you have everything to gain, nothing to lose, because you try before you buy—don't delay, but rush coupon below for full details.

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342 W. 14th Street, New York City**

Send me full details of your special FREE TRIAL OFFER on the Health Ray Sun Lamp.

Name

Please write Mr., Mrs., or Miss

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City State

This is not an order—Ship nothing C.O.D.

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valuable, and you want to get rid of it. Obviously your step is to sell it.

You can do this in two ways; either to a private collector or through an auctioneer. If you know its value and it appears to be an article such as a key that is sought by specialized collectors, try to get in touch directly with someone who is interested in things of that kind, by means of advertisements in the antique pages of the newspapers or in collecting magazines, of which there are several. The man who collects shaving mugs or moustache cups will as a rule pay more for such items to fill out his collection than someone who is interested in antiques generally. However, if your discovery is a piece that does not appeal to the specialized collector, by all means sell it at auction, being careful to secure the services of a reliable auctioneer. This can be done by referring to your bank, to a museum or dealer, most of whom are in touch with honest concerns. Always remember, no matter what you find, that if it has been in a family a long while and you can trace its history, its value will be just that much greater.

When you find an item like a high-boy, an old bedstead or a large chair, your best bet is the country auction. Folks in city apartments as a rule have little room for big pieces, and authorities say that one place to get bargains is the city auction room when a large antique is placed up for sale. If you have room to store such a piece in cellar or attic, you can often buy in big pieces to advantage.

Before you sell your piece, why not drop in at an auction yourself and see how it's done. Watch Mr. Manley handling a crowd of collectors. There he is, on the box. "The next item, ladies and gentlemen, the next thing is an exceptional piece. Put up that secretary, please. Now here we have a really very old secretary of Virginia walnut in fine condition. This as you see is a piece of furniture anyone would be proud to own."

"You can buy this in at your own price. I don't care where you start so long as you bid on it. What am I offered to begin? Fifty? Fifty dollars. This is really a choice bit of furniture that will appear to advantage with your best things. Don't let it slip by you. Fifty? Fifty, thank you. One hundred? One hundred dollars bid." His subtle, persuasive hands fondle the old secretary.

"One fifty is bid. Do I hear two hundred? One seventy-five is bid. Thank you. Who will make it two hundred? This is something you will enjoy all your life, just look at it, a rare piece in the original condition. Two hundred? Two hundred is bid . . ."

AND so on and so on. With his swift patter that carries the bidder along almost against his will the old country auctioneer wangles the best prices from the crowd around his stand. That old secretary might be yours had you kept your eyes open. Tomorrow or next year someone is going to want the chair or table covered with dust and dirt in your attic. Have you any old branding irons, spinning wheels, old fashioned glass paperweights, melodeons, old theatre programs, confederate music, old timetables, steins, or law books? If so, dig them up. They may be junk to you, but there's a collector who wants them. Which is why good antiques are a real, tangible asset, which is why folks are putting them away whenever they pop up in sales. They are depression-proof, untouchable by taxes of any sort, and safe from inflation of any kind. If the price of things in general rises, your finds rise also; if not they still remain of worth, and what is more important, each year adds to that worth. So don't sit round waiting for Lady Luck to come knocking at the door. Get busy and see whether you haven't something that someone is looking for. Remember these are the good old days.

The Farmer Takes the West

(Continued from page 19)

stuck together as well as they should, but they do a better job of cooperating than any other industry in this state, and their broad, intelligent leadership makes them the most influential group in the state.

There is much ground to cover, so we turn our backs on many interesting crops, including such novelties as ostrich and lion farms, and head northward.

We shall miss on our route the beautiful and interesting and productive coastal plains and crossing the Tehachapi Mountains into the Great Central Valley of California.

In all the world, perhaps, no

richer large valley; in its kaleidoscope of crops, growing nearly all the 190 commercial crops referred to; the highest type of rural civilization this old world has yet seen in creature comforts and in education; a sunbathed valley where crops of high sugar content may be grown by irrigation, and laid out to sundry with the confident assurance that from June first to late September that summer rainfall will almost never interfere with your "picnic plans" or with your efforts in making your famous "Sunsweet," "Sunmaid," "Sunkist," "Sunland," etc., products.

We speed down from the Tehachepis into a cotton plain; a land of irrigated cotton, averaging in yield over a bale to the acre; all pure Acala cotton because farmers have made it illegal to grow anything else.

We pass into Tulare county, fourth in the United States in agricultural wealth, a county featuring citrus, olives, grapes of table, wine and raisin varieties; pomegranates, hogs, dairy cows, beef cows, and a veritable kaleidoscope of many other varieties.

If the country knew and appreciated our canned ripe olives and our olive oil as much as California does, we could not supply the need, even if our olive acreage were increased many fold.

That great grain and cotton expanse off to our left is the bed of Lake Tulare, across which steamboats once plied, but nowadays the ranchers appropriate the water before it gets that far, and the lake farmers pump their irrigation water out of the ground.

Eyes right, folks! That big plant on the right is a winery and we had better keep going. The last time we took visitors into it a 4-inch pipe broke overhead, drenching us with new wine. Were we wet!

California will produce about 50,000,000 gallons of wine this year and still have enough grapes left to serve every raisin and table grape need. This beautiful sea of grapevines about you as you roll into Fresno—sixth county of the United States in agricultural wealth—should put you in shape to believe most any grape story, but there are lots of grapes yet to see.

That dairyman milks one hundred cows, a rather medium sized dairyman in a state which has to do everything in a big way. One dairyman of the state milks 3,500 cows.

Nearly a million acres of alfalfa in this Great Valley and a lot of the new Ladino clover—a big pasture which animals can hardly keep eaten down.

Those mountains on both sides of you bring trout and deer and an occasional mountain lion or bear within two or three hours of the farmer, and they also furnish summer pasture for cattle and sheep.

At the confluence of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers "The Delta," a reclaimed soil empire, both irrigated and drained by the same monster siphon pipes over the levees, grows 98 per cent of all the canned asparagus of the country, lots of sugar beets, and Irish potatoes up to a record of more than 30 tons to the acre. Drop a match and this soil is so full of vegetable humus that it will burn.

We pass the cling peaches to be canned for the nation, and a world of pears, miss Santa Clara Valley with its prunes and apricots, miss Petaluma and its great poultry industry, and head up the Sacramento end of the Great Valley.

Are You STILL in the DEPRESSION??

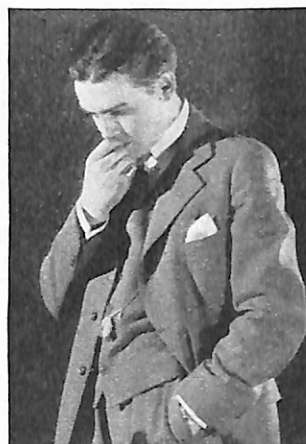
TIMES are better. Business is out of the rut—well ahead of a year ago. Millions of men have gone back to work. There's more money in lots of pay envelopes. But what good is that to you, if *your* pay check is still written in depression figures?

You weren't so discontented a year ago. In fact, you considered yourself lucky to have a job. But now—you have begun to wonder and worry why the oncoming tide of prosperity hasn't reached you yet. The situation is getting desperate. Bills continue to pile up. You can't get along forever on a "shoe string" budget. You *must* win back those pay cuts. Other men are doing it—how can you?

Certainly, you can't work any harder than you have been. And it isn't a question of your intelligence, honesty or ambition. Those virtues do not solve today's problem—they are often insufficient to hold down a job, as millions unemployed sadly testify.

But there *is* a way to get back to the prosperity pay check. A way that's probably far easier than you have dreamed. A *plan* that has been "depression-tested."

During the worst period of the depression, this plan was helping thousands of men and women forge ahead. Today, during recovery, these same men and women—their ranks swelled by thousands more—are being picked for top positions. They are escaping years of monotonous, routine service—achieving their dreams while they are young enough to enjoy success in its fullest measure.



Since this plan brings results in bad times as well as good, it obviously works independently of business conditions. As unbelievable as that may sound, remember that success is largely up to the individual. Most men struggle through a depression all their lives. The few who forge ahead ride to success the same business tides that sweep the majority to failure.

The LaSalle Success-Building Plan is made for men like you—men with courage, ambition, persistence, who need expert guidance to make the most of their efforts. But LaSalle supplies even *more* than that. Not only individualized training and coaching to help you meet today's crying needs . . . but also the very steps you need to take to fill the job ahead, and force that pay raise *quickly*. Any synopsis of this plan we could give here, would give you only an idea of this service. We suggest you mail the coupon for complete details on your own line of work.

Today's Danger

There's real danger to accepting "depression pay" these days. A danger that lower wages will continue to dog you—for no employer will pay more until he is convinced you are worth more. Some day, some way, you've got to convince him. There's no time to lose. The sooner you begin, the better.

If the LaSalle Plan has fulfilled this aim for thousands, isn't it logical to expect it can do as much for you? This coupon can easily become your passport to better times. Mail it today.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 3328-R, Chicago

I would like to know about your Success-Building Plan and service in the business field I have checked.

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Commercial Law

- ☐ Law: Degree of LL. B.
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Personnel Management

- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Stenotypy

Name..... Age.....

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The most Amazing VACATION ever conceived

WHATEVER your favorite recreation, you'll find it at its best in the Miami Biltmore . . . sports tourneys and social affairs of nation-wide interest . . . a complete vacation with sumptuous living in one of the world's greatest resort hotels. Extraordinary guest privileges include membership (upon approval by membership committee) in three exclusive sports clubs: Miami Biltmore Country Club, Roney Plaza Cabana Sun Club, Key Largo Anglers Club . . . transportation without charge by aerocar (trailer parlor cars) or autogiro to every vacation interest.

For particular information and reservations, address hotel direct; or New York office, 521-5th Ave., Suite 2421; Chicago office, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Room 1015

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CORAL GABLES, MIAMI, FLA.

Save Your Feet

When all else fails end suffering with these flexible no-metal arch supports. Look at the picture and see how

HEEFNER Arch Supports

help nature restore weak, sagging arches and relieve aching, throbbing feet.



**END
Suffering**

that results from weak, sagging arches. Fits like a glove and conforms comfortably to every movement of feet.

Write for free booklet.

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\$1260 to \$2100 year to start. Men, women. Vacations. Common education usually sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

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Dept. H237,

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Minstrels

Unique First Parts for complete show with special songs and choruses. Make-up, Catalog free.

T. S. Denison & Co., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 108, Chicago



Comedy Skits

We find the earliest citrus in the state here, five hundred miles north of Los Angeles. Latitude can fool you along the Coast. It is altitude which makes the weather, with the Japan Current sweeping down the entire coast as a sort of general evenner.

As we proceed up the Sacramento Valley we hail "Speed" Nolte who farms with an airplane. Quite a number of California farmers have airplanes. In 1934 the State reports that 65,000 acres of crops were sprayed or dusted from the air.

This season Nolte sowed about 30,000 acres of rice for himself and neighbor farmers, scattering the seed from a low-flying plane. This permits the rice to be sown in the water and protects it from the blackbirds.

However, it has to be guarded from the wild ducks and mudhens which do not mind diving for their dinners, and Nolte is in demand again.

BUT we will never get half this story told! We will miss the hop fields, and the wine valleys which look like a page out of France or Italy, the walnut trees with arms locked in shady beauty, the lighter green of the almond groves, the great grain fields, the thousands of turkeys, etc.

Nor will our sketchy travelogue give you the impression that this tapestry of agriculture is really a pretty well balanced program, and is not all salad and fruit.

Roughly speaking, one-third of the agricultural income of California is from fruits, one-third from livestock and poultry, and one-third from field crops and commercial vegetables. A state most famous for its fruits now ranks fourth in the United States in livestock and livestock products.

But California does try to specialize and avoid the commonplace and the average in its competitions. For instance we take advantage of the open winters in our valleys to have lambs born in the fall instead of the spring, maturing them on winter grass, and shipping them for the Easter market.

As we hurry along we must not let our California modesty keep us from telling you that those beautiful ranch homes which we pass use more electricity than the average city home of the country, and we had better confess to you that these farmers are the greatest per capita users of all types of mechanical power in the world, and they can actually raise and sell rice to China because one machine can do the work of a thousand Chinamen.

Over the mountains we bowl into Oregon and the Rogue River Valley. Gorgeous pears, quite a bulb growing industry, and more of the business of fishing to interfere with the pleasure of farming. Steelheads, and salmon, and the usual trout.

With throttle wide open—if the cop is not looking—we breast a ridge and there it is—the famous Willamette Valley, sloping gently down all the way "up" to Portland.

What a thrill the pioneers must have gotten when they reached the end of the Oregon Trail!

Willamette Valley is a beautiful tapestry of diversity. When you order a strawberry sundae at your nearest drug store, it is quite likely to be part of the 80,000 barrels of fresh strawberries which this region is freezing this season for your delight.

Tillamook cheese is one of your dietetic friends, no doubt. A generation ago the per capita consumption of cheese in this nation was not much more than enough with which to bait a rat trap, but it has climbed from ounces per capita to pounds, and regions like Tillamook have been an important factor in this dietetic parade.

The tasty butter you spread on your bread, and the blond eggs which say a sunny "good morning" from your breakfast plate, may well be from the cooperative farmers of western Washington.

Doubtless you have often eaten some of those gorgeously large and tasty cherries from The Dalles. If you have driven down the beautiful Columbia River Highway at the right time of year, you have gotten them fresh, and to munch some of The Dalles cherries while looking at Multnomah Falls, or Horsetail Falls, or gazing at a panorama of the Columbia River country is just a little bit of perfection!

There is one thing which needs investigation by the dietetic sharks. That is, why we produce such fine football players on the Coast, and so many other athletic champions.

Is it climate, or our vitamin foods, or both, or which, or neither?

This has got to be settled. The Coast takes its football seriously. We run a tremendous number of our citizens through these Universities, and a lot of the farms we have been pointing out are operated by University graduates.

We might challenge your thought by saying that the University of California enrolls in its classrooms and extension courses over 65,000 students a year, and that is only one of the many, many universities of the Coast.

But don't get us started on that subject. Let's say a few benedictory words about Washington and Oregon agriculture.

We mentioned to you that farm income is now running over 78 per cent ahead of the 1933 low period. Also that there were almost no crop failures last year, and almost none of the choking surpluses. The gorgeous apple crop, and the pear crop was divided between the United States and the world market. Excellent shipping facilities at the ports precool these fruits, put them

(Continued on page 44)

\$6,500.00 IN CASH PRIZES

1st GRAND PRIZE— \$2,500.00 CASH!

[PLUS \$1,000.00 OR BUICK SEDAN FOR PROMPTNESS]

Here is a brand-new opportunity for you to win \$3,500.00 . . . \$1,000.00 . . . \$350.00 . . . \$150.00 . . . or one of 200 fine cash prizes we are offering for the best solutions to the unusual autographs in this Game.

[This is the second Autograph Contest conducted by the W. J. THOMPSON CO., and you are cordially invited to enter and compete for the fine cash prizes—You may win more than \$3,500.00 cash!]

There is nothing else you have to do to win one of a hundred cash Entry Prizes except solve the unusual autographs as explained below. SEND THE COUPON—get started now—win a big cash prize.

SIMPLE, EASY DIRECTIONS FOR WINNING 200 CASH PRIZES

200 PRIZES totalling more than \$6,500.00 cash will be distributed to those sending the best solutions to the autographs in this Game which is OPEN TO ANYONE living in continental U. S. A. EXCEPT our employees, members of their families and anyone who has won a prize of \$100.00 or more from our company.

FIRST GRAND PRIZE is \$2,500.00 cash—a new Buick 4-door Sedan or \$1,000.00 EXTRA may also be won for promptness, making \$3,500.00 all in cash. Second Grand Prize is choice of a new 1936 Oldsmobile Sedan or \$1,000.00. Then, there are 198 more cash prizes all of which will soon be awarded, and, three New York business or professional men, having no connection with our company will be the judges, and they, with the help of their assistants, will decide the winners. All Players who enter and compete for the prizes agree to accept the decisions of the judges and their award of the prizes as binding and final.

THERE IS NOTHING TO BUY OR SELL to win one of the cash Entry Prizes reserved for those who just submit solutions to the autographs. That's simple enough, isn't it? Just as soon as we receive the coupon you will be sent complete detailed Prize Lists, the Autograph Chart with 20 other autographs to be solved along with an Official Answer Sheet for sending your complete list of solutions. All this sent to you with no cost whatsoever. All answers submitted must be printed clearly in pen or pencil or typewritten in the same order as they appear in the Autograph Chart and bear the complete name and address of the sender.

THERE ARE 200 CHANCES FOR YOU TO WIN from \$100.00 to \$2,500.00, so—be sure to SEND THE COUPON quick. Did you ever hear of any contest that was so new, interesting and exciting with such big cash prizes where it was so simple and easy to win? First Prize will be awarded to the person whose answer contains the largest and nearest correctly spelled number of solutions to the 30 autographs in the Autograph Chart which you will receive by return mail. (The ten in this advertisement are a part of the 30); Second Prize will be given to the person submitting the next most correct list; and so on, until all 100 prizes in each class have been awarded. However, if there is a tie for any of the prizes in the solutions to the 30 autographs in the Autograph Chart, there will be as many prizes reserved for them as there are persons tied before any prizes are awarded—that is, if two

CAN YOU READ THESE UNUSUAL AUTOGRAPHS?

- 1 *Fred Astaire*
- 2 *Samuel Beckett*
- 3 *Lang Lang*
- 4 *Alfred Hitchcock*
- 5 *Frances B. Beckett*
- 6 *Greene Lodge*
- 7 *Jessica Dugan*
- 8 *Bela Lugosi*
- 9 *Rachelle Hudson*
- 10 *John Q. Adams*

or more Players tie for first prize, the first two or more prizes will be reserved for them and a second list of other unusual autographs will be sent to all persons so tied. Then the person sending the nearest correct answer to this second list of autographs will be awarded first prize; the person sending the second most correct answer, second prize; and so on until all prizes so tied for are awarded. In case of ties in the answers to the second list of autographs, the full amount of the prizes tied for will be paid to each Player so tied.

EVERYONE WHO ENTERS FOR THE GRAND PRIZES WILL RECEIVE A SPOT CASH PROFIT WITHOUT DELAY. Anyone may submit as many entries as he wishes, but only one of the prizes offered (the highest amount won) will be awarded to any one person or household. 100 Entry Prizes are to be won simply for submitting the best solutions to the unusual autographs according to these directions. 100 big Grand Prizes are to be awarded to winning entrants who qualify by simply obtaining \$4.00 worth of subscriptions to the Gentlewoman Magazine, keeping \$1.00 commission out of that as a cash award—and NOTHING MORE ever. Entrants in this Autograph Game may be offered additional special prizes, one of which may also be won.

WHO KNOWS—YOU MAY BE THE VERY ONE WHO CAN WIN \$2,500.00 CASH AND A NEW 1936 BUICK SEDAN OR \$3,500.00 ALL IN CASH. The only way for you to find out is to send your solutions to these autographs on the coupon at once. Do it NOW! This contest officially closes April 10, 1936, and all entries must be mailed before midnight of that date to count. No answers will be returned or corrected once they are received by us. We cannot be responsible for the receipt of, nor delivery of, literature, answers, and so forth, which may be lost or delayed in the mails.

THE AUTOGRAPH GAME IS EASY TO PLAY AND YOU NEED SEND NO MONEY at any time to win a cash Entry Prize. Don't go to any unnecessary trouble. Just SEND THE COUPON NOW! The prize winners will be announced just as soon after the close of the contest as possible.

**SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL COUPON!**

\$100.00 CASH EXTRA!

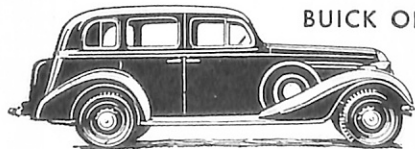
You will be entitled to receive \$100.00 in EXTRA CASH if you mail this coupon within three days of the time you first read this announcement and win first prize. This \$100.00 is IN ADDITION to the First Prize money for sending coupon quick!

MAIL THIS COUPON WITHIN 3 DAYS

BUICK OR \$1,000.00 FOR PROMPTNESS

With my reply you will be given an opportunity to get a new 1936 Buick 4-door Sedan JUST FOR PROMPTNESS. Send the coupon today—Don't put it off—Do it NOW!

RAY ALLEN, AUTOGRAPH MGR.
DEPT. 36 • 154 W. 14TH ST. • NEW YORK, N. Y.



I read this ad. _____ Date _____

I have made out _____ of the unusual Autographs as follows:

1. _____	6. _____
2. _____	7. _____
3. _____	8. _____
4. _____	9. _____
5. _____	10. _____

My name is _____

Street, Box or R. F. D. No. _____

City _____ State _____

Write your answer on a separate sheet of paper or postcard if you wish.

**BROTHER ELK...
HERE'S THE BEST
BET IN NEW YORK!**



3 GLORIOUS DAYS \$10.00

Including

- * Room with Private Bath and Radio.
- * 5 Meals in Hotel Dining Room.
- * Radio City Music Hall.
- * R. C. A. Observation Tower and Conducted Tour N. B. C. Studios.
- * Sightseeing Bus Trip.
- * Dining, Dancing and Floor Show
- * Hollywood Restaurant \$1.00 extra per person—\$1.50 Saturdays (including tax and tip.)

Consult your Club Secretary for reservations.
Also 2, 4, 5 and 6 day Special Tours.

Guaranteed Daily Rate

\$2.50 Single

With Private Bath and Radio

Hotel PLYMOUTH
49th ST. near B'WAY
SAME OWNERSHIP *Hotels* CAPITOL & PRESIDENT

YOUR EXPERIENCE IS O.K.
BUT YOU LOOK TOO OLD FOR
THE JOB



THEN HE USED COFFELT'S



**GRAY HAIR
STEALS JOBS**

Youthful appearance means holding jobs, greater earnings and happiness. Join the great army of COFFELT users who keep looking young. Coffelt's 'Never Failing' Hair Coloring is simple to use & economical. No muss, no fuss, no colors to select. Giving priceless results to thousands of men and women FOR 30 YEARS. At Drug and Department Stores or send for Free pamphlet. Coffelt Chemical Co., Inc., Dept.—K3 New York, N. Y.

USED SINCE 1906 **COFFELT'S**
NEVER FAILING HAIR COLORING

To All Members

CONGRESS recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousands dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary of his change of address. Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.

ALADDIN

TRAILER HOMES

New Streamlined Deluxe
15 1/2 ft. Fully Equipped
\$545. Send for Catalog 65

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(Continued from page 42)

into modern refrigerator ships, and deliver them in perfect condition in the far places of the globe. This export business has grown until export of four to five million packed boxes annually is not unusual.

This region has done a good job in establishing a manufacturing industry to go with its great producing industry of sheep.

But the gas tank is getting empty, so we will put you back on your train or plane.

Pitchman

(Continued from page 16)

the outside. The Whittlesy store was being visited by a real crowd for the first time in its history.

"Now, for your benefit, just to show you how the eye can be deceived," went on the pitchman, "I will tie a string to the top ring which apparently has been sliding to the bottom of the triangle."

A string was tied to the ring in question. The triangle vibrated as before, yet, as the pitchman pointed out, the ring with the string tied to it remained at the top.

WITH a start, Mr. Griggs realized that he had forgotten his high mission in behalf of the law and was gazing as raptly as anybody else in the crowd as the honorable Ching Ling Foo's great discovery was demonstrated. He was about to call a halt to the proceedings, as Mayor of Griggsboro, when he felt a touch on his arm and looked down into the face of his daughter.

"Come on and be quiet," whispered Adele, with a giggle of excitement. Still clutching her father's arm, she wormed her way through the crowd and Mr. Griggs found himself behind the curtain. To his amazement he saw the Whittlesy stock arranged in neat piles. Young Whittlesy was being directed in its final disposition by a sturdily built individual with closely cut blonde hair and a cherubic countenance. The smile this person flashed at Mr. Griggs was illumined with a golden centerpiece.

"That's Gold Tooth Smitty," went on Adele. "He's almost as good a pitchman as Doc Harris. Did you hear Doc bally the tip outside? I think he's perfectly grand."

"Bally the tip?" echoed Mr. Griggs. "Yes—get the nucleus of the crowd. That's known as the tip. The real crowd is the push. It won't be long now till Doc makes the first touch—that is, a sale. But that will be to one of our shills out in front."

"Shills?" again gasped Mr. Griggs. "Yes—shillabers, daddy dear," cooed Miss Griggs. "We have four or five of them out there—hired to start the crowd buying when it's time to turn the joint. Doc says we ought

In conclusion we want to say that in these three states, California, Oregon and Washington, we have passed hundreds of beautiful little valleys, nestling in the mountains, places where we would like to live.

The one we personally have in mind has a narrow entrance, across which we will fell some trees, carefully seeking to give it an abandoned, uninhabited look, and there hidden from the tax collector we plan to fight it out with the fish and the deer for the rest of our days.

to get rid of most all our stock in two pitches. We're going to hold another tonight. This afternoon should carry us off the nut, and tonight's sale should be all velvet."

Just at this moment, when Mr. Griggs was about to question his daughter's sanity, Doc was heard to declaim from the other side of the curtain:

"With your kind permission I will now turn the platform over to my colleague, Professor Smythe, who will have something to say of deep interest to you housewives and householders of Griggsboro."

BY the time Doc arrived behind the curtain, Mr. Griggs had recovered something of his official poise.

"I thought I told you fellows yesterday," he said in an angry undertone, "that you could not get a license to sell your junk in Griggsboro. I'm going to call up the marshal and have you arrested unless you clear out of town at once."

"Don't overwork your shamuses unnecessarily, your honor," said Doc. "A policeman's lot is unhappy enough anyway. We're not selling a thing of our own, though we have an auto load of novelties that would fill a crying need in your town. We're simply acting as agents for this young merchant, Mr. Whittlesy."

"Agents—bah!" sneered Mr. Griggs.

"Mr. Whittlesy will confirm my statement," went on Doc, imperturbably. "We have agreed to sell out his rather outdated stock, so he can put in a newer line and compete with your store on more equal terms."

"But—" protested Mr. Griggs.

"For this service we receive ten per cent of the gross sales, which will represent only a small profit for us. Our chief satisfaction will be in assisting Mr. Whittlesy and his charming fiancée, and in demonstrating to you that the policy of live and let live is not strained but falleth as the gentle dew from heaven."

Just then Gold Tooth Smitty called in front of the curtain:

"By any chance have you one or

two more of those electric toasters?"

"Here are three," called back Doc, passing the toasters out front.

Adele smothered a laugh.

"See the sales psychology, daddy dear?" she said. "There are a lot of those toasters in stock. They're perfectly good, but never would sell. Instead of putting them all out where the crowd can see them, the idea is to create the impression that only a few are to be had."

"I—I—get the point," said Mr. Griggs feebly.

"And now, daddy dear, we're going to be awfully busy for a while," went on Adele, leading her father to the rear door. "Suppose I let you out in the alley, as you never can get through that crowd in front. You just go back to your own store, and I'll report to you on the progress of the sale."

Dazedly Mr. Griggs followed his daughter's directions. He went through the alley and came out once more on the main street of Griggsboro. The throng on the sidewalk was almost fighting to get into the Whittlesy store. As he entered his own quiet, well-ordered place, where not a customer was in sight, Mr. Griggs heard the strident voice of Doc Harris from across the way:

"And another gentleman gets one of these beautifully fitted traveling cases, made especially to order for the firm of Whittlesy and Company."

"The idea!" exclaimed Mr. Griggs. "I know Sim Whittlesy had been trying to sell those traveling cases at least three years before he died, and they were just stock jobs. Made to order, my eye!"

DOC HARRIS and Gold Tooth Smitty met with Adele and her tennis champion the following morning in the almost denuded Whittlesy store.

"It was simply marvelous the way you two cleaned out that stock," said Adele, with a gesture which included the empty shelves and counters.

"Not a hundred dollars' worth of stuff left," chimed in young Whittlesy. "And they're trying to get in the store. They've been rattling that locked door all morning."

As he spoke, the door handle was rattled vigorously. Then came a series of hard raps on the panel.

Doc and Gold Tooth exchanged quick glances.

"That sounds like John Law," said Doc, "and furthermore I think I see a strip of official blue beneath the window shade."

Young Whittlesy opened the door and admitted Mr. Griggs, accompanied by a lanky person in a blue uniform, whose badge indicated that he was City Marshal.

"I've been looking into the legal aspects of this matter," announced Mayor Griggs, "and I find that, according to a law passed in 1872, it is illegal to conduct any auction, or other form of public sale after seven o'clock at night. You had this place open till eleven—"

"Daddy, shame on you—digging up some old blue law to use against these gentlemen!" exclaimed Adele.

"Blue or any other color, the law still stands," observed Mr. Griggs, "and it carries a ten-dollar fine or ten days in jail."

"Look here," interposed Whittlesy. "As proprietor of this place, I'm also responsible. And if it comes to a fine, I'll elect to go to jail."

"And, as one of the sales persons concerned, I'll go to jail with Edward," chimed in Adele.

Mayor Griggs looked at his peace officer, who was awaiting orders.

"Marshal Addy, what do you suggest?" he queried uncertainly.

MARSHAL Addy twirled his club at the end of its string, and brought it back into his palm with a resounding slap.

"If it's up to me," he said, "I suggest that these here birds be escorted out of town, with orders never to come back."

"Having collected our fee for a perfectly legitimate sale, we were leaving Griggsboro anyway," said Doc Harris. "We had not considered the honor of a police escort, but if such is to be, so be it."

"This is a shame—" began Adele, her eyes snapping, but Doc silenced her with a wave of the hand.

"My dear young lady," he said, "your sentiments do you credit, but the Ishmaelites had nothing on us on finding the hands of men turned against them. Our motor stands outside. On with the procession."

When the party filed outside and Whittlesy locked the door, Adele sized up the situation at a glance.

"Edward and I will ride with Doc—Doctor Harris and Mr. Smitty in their car," she announced. "Father, you will ride in Mr. Addy's car, at a decent distance behind us. Maybe you can think of another blue law on the way."

Mayor Griggs appeared to be about to make answer, but thought better of it and climbed into Marshal Addy's runabout. Adele and Young Whittlesy settled themselves in the rear seat of the pitchmen's big touring car.

"The quickest way out of town?" queried Doc at the wheel.

"Right down this street and over the bridge," said Adele. "Don't drive fast, as I want to work out an idea."

The route lay through the business district of Griggsboro to a bridge at the outskirts of town.

"Now stop," said Adele, after they had crossed. "The city line makes a dip right here at the bridge. The village of Auburndale begins on this side of Griggs Creek. Griggsboro has been trying to annex Auburndale these many years, but Auburndale has said nix."

"And the Auburndale blue laws?" asked Doc.

Adele laughed.

"The sky is the limit in Auburndale. Griggsboro people have been

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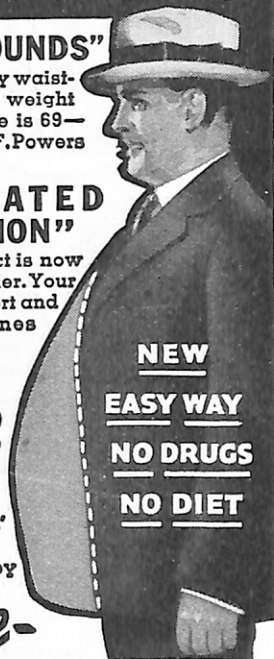
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coming over here for years to have a good time. See that amusement park on beyond?"

Doc looked ahead at a tracery of roller coasters and Ferris wheels against the sky.

"That's Starlight Park," went on Adele. "Every night a thousand or more Griggsboro cars come over this bridge, taking people to such pleasures as Auburndale affords."

DOC swung his car into a lot at the Auburndale end of the bridge.

"I see your point, young lady," he said. "We'll make a pitch here tonight that will be the talk of Griggsboro for more than nine days."

The police automobile rolled up beside the pitchmen's car.

"Keep movin'," called Mr. Addy. "You ain't gone far enough."

"That's for the Auburndale branch of Beef, Squawk, Holler and Company to say," replied Doc. "I believe we're out of your jurisdiction on this bank of Griggs Creek."

"They're going to make a sale here tonight, daddy," said Adele, as Mayor Griggs was about to add his orders to those of his marshal. "They're going to sell their own stock of med, or medicine, rad, or lightning eradicator, flukum, or silver polish, lumpsies, or watches, and a lot of other jolly things. Now, pull out that rumble seat, Mr. Addy, we're going back to town with you."

There was a brief consultation in whispers between the officials in the runabout, during which the bluecoat was observed to shake his head vigorously, several times. Then Mr. Addy reluctantly pulled out the rumble seat and Adele and young Whittlesy climbed in behind Griggsboro's chief officials.

"We'll be in the push tonight," called back Adele, as the runabout swung round toward the bridge.

"And we'll be there to shill for you," added young Whittlesy.

AT nine o'clock that evening Mayor Griggs found himself in the front row of a crowd gathered about the pitchmen's car on the far side of the Griggs Creek bridge. Most of the pleasure-seekers who were headed for Starlight Park and the other excitements of Auburndale, had turned off the road, lured by the sturdy vocalizing of Gold Tooth Smitty. Their vacant cars were parked about the edge of the crowd, which was augmented by Griggsboro citizens who had strolled across the bridge on foot.

Under the flare of a gasoline lamp, Doc Harris and Gold Tooth brought all the wiles of their art to bear, with the result that the miscellaneous stock in the big car was dwindling rapidly.

On the outskirts of the crowd Marshal Addy nervously twirled his nightstick. He had tried to bring pressure to bear on the Auburndale authorities, without avail. Mr. Addy

wondered how this was going to affect his standing with the Mayor, who seemed anxious to be rid of these itinerant salesmen at all costs.

"We've about made a cleanup," observed Gold Tooth during a lull in Doc's raucous exhortations.

"Then bring on the keister with the whitestones and lumpsies," answered Doc from one corner of his mouth.

Gold Tooth looked dubious, but he was not in the habit of questioning his senior partner, so he brought forth a suitcase containing a collection of brass rings, mounted with chips of glass that might pass for diamonds. In the case was a lot of watches, equipped with hands but innocent of works.

"Ladies and gentlemen," declaimed Doc in a voice that launched a thousand echoes, "I have reserved the greatest bargain of all for the last. I am holding a handful of rings, made from a new and wonderful metal knows as Cuban gold. It looks like real gold, but wears better. On each ring is a diamond chip which flashes rays as brilliant as those from any gem unearthed in far-off Kimberley. To advertise these rings, made of this wonderful new metal, I am making a free distribution."

HERE Doc tossed the handful of rings into the crowd, which promptly scrambled for them.

"What's this I hear!" thundered Doc in mock indignation, pointing an accusing finger at Mayor Griggs, who had not said a word. "Mr. Pokey-Nose, out there, says anybody can give away rings but it takes a real salesman to sell them. Who will give me a dime each for these remaining rings, easily worth ten times that ridiculous amount?"

Three or four "shills" in the audience, including Adele and young Whittlesy, bought rings, and a dozen others followed suit.

"Fine!" exclaimed Doc. "I knew that the broad-minded citizens of Griggsboro would have the right answer for my misinformed critic. Now, inasmuch as you have shown your good faith, I am going to retaliate in kind. I am going to give back to these purchasers the dimes which they have passed me for their rings."

Doc and Gold Tooth thereupon proceeded to give back the dimes to the persons who had paid for rings. This was something new—money back for articles that had been bought! The crowd pressed closer.

Next Doc passed out knives at fifteen cents, and proceeded to hand back the proceeds, as he had done in the sale of the rings. The interest grew more intense. These men must be philanthropists—making sales outright and then giving back the purchase price. Here was the traditional something for nothing!

Then came the watches. For two or three minutes Doc expostulated



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on these wonderful bargains — also made of the marvelous Cuban gold.

"I have just fifty of these watches," bellowed Doc. "Who will give one dollar for one of these marvelous timepieces, synchronized to every movement of the body and insulated against the heat of the jungle and the cold of the Arctic?"

Instantly dollar bills were waved impatiently in all parts of the audience.

Marshal Addy struggled through the crowd to reach the Mayor's side. Finally, when he gained the Mayor's ear, the last of the watches had been passed out and the final dollar had been collected.

"It's the jam," shrilled Marshal Addy. "They git people to thinkin' they're givin' the money back for everything that's bought. But when it comes to these dollar sales, they fold up and beat it. Everyone who has bought these watches is stuck."

But, to the amazement and discomfort of the marshal, Doc proceeded to give back dollars to those who had bought watches.

"Keep these rings and knives and watches as souvenirs," called out Doc, signaling to Gold Tooth that it was time to depart. "This concludes the sale for the evening, good people, and we bid you farewell."

WITH the gasoline flare extinguished, Gold Tooth Smitty started the motor and the car made slow but certain progress through the crowd to the roadway. Once out in the open, Gold Tooth shoved the accelerator to the floor and the car sped on through Auburndale into the country night.

"Keep your foot on it," said Doc, looking back. "There's a car after us, and I think she's gaining."

There were limitations to the speed of the big car, and these had been met. The other car was faster, no doubt of it, and Doc gave orders to pull up at one side of the road.

When the pursuing car came alongside, Adele and young Whittlesy leaped out.

"We wanted to tell you," said Adele, "that everything is all right. Daddy has agreed that we are to be married, and will take Edward into partnership with him."

Doc brought out the bandanna handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"I thought your father might have dug up a blue law that extended to Auburndale and was on our trail to demonstrate it," he said, with a sigh of relief. "I'm right glad he has capitulated in your favor."

"Daddy kicked at first, and said the credit for selling out that store stock should go to you and not to Edward," said Adele, "but I pointed out that it was clever for Edward to follow the Carnegie plan and hire men smarter than himself."

"You certainly had him there," observed Doc.

"And I want to know where I can

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get in touch with you and learn more about your sales methods," went on Adele. "I think they're perfectly wonderful. We're both crazy about them, and we're sure they would double the sales in daddy's and Edward's store."

Doc looked disturbed and glanced sidewise at the girl.

"My dear young lady," he said, "get the thought out of that pretty head of yours. I admit we're salesmen. We have to convince people who are skeptics at the start. But we're good for only one sale. We never see the same faces twice among our customers. We're Bedouins, condemned to wander. That's

the curse that's been put on us, but we have to make the best of it. Many a time we don't take anything out of a town that we haven't carried in. But we couldn't quit the game, even if we were reduced to plain and fancy hitch-hiking to get around. It's in the blood—and that's part of the curse, too. Now you and your young man go back to your dad and be his partners. Be as live and enterprising as you like, along conventional lines, but forget us and our bag of tricks. We're glad if we've been able to do you a good turn. Good-bye and all the luck in the world."

Brief handclasps all round, and

Doc and Gold Tooth Smitty, in their big car, disappeared in the gloom.

"Doc," said Gold Tooth after a few minutes of silent travel, "how come you give back all the dollars for them lumps?"

"I didn't want to get those nice kids in bad with the home towners. But listen, Smitty—our record is not entirely blank."

Doc fished a crumpled dollar bill out of a vest pocket.

"There is one dollar I didn't give back, Smitty—the dollar that Mayor Griggs disgorged," said Doc. "I should have told that girl to ask her daddy the time by the tin watch he bought from me!"

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 29)

toona; John W. Biesinger, Indiana; Dr. S. H. Straessley, Wilkes-Barre; S. L. Smith, Gettysburg; James E. Chalfant, York; Gordon T. Bennett, Lehigh; L. O. Neff, Donora; George M. Kirk, West Chester; Jack Beatty, Latrobe; Alfred O. West, McKeesport; A. J. Millen, Tarentum; T. M. Daugherty, Tyrone; Samuel C. Schumm, Monessen; Perry L. Powell, Lewistown; Ross Guisler, Huntingdon; Charles J. Boyle, Johnstown; Charles A. Wentzel, Jersey Shore; Albert P. Morris, State College; Harry Hankins, Uniontown; Raymond P. Erb, Middletown; J. Walter Slatery, Allegheny; K. E. Fox, Danville; George W. Swartz, Hanover; Julius M. Kopsofsky, Brad-dock; Norman B. Patterson, Brownsville; Michael J. Yuhasz, Jr., Homestead; Paul M. Bley, Punxsutawney; James A. Yuengert, Reynoldsville; C. D. Wharton, Lock Haven; Robert

H. Barteaux, Red Lion; Charles J. Beattie, Columbia; John C. Bell, Easton; John C. Boyle, Chester; Thomas Kasha, Freeland; Charles Gross, Wilkesburg; Mark E. Garber, Carlisle; Joseph X. Gobs, Bethlehem; Philip W. Osgood, Reading; William S. Bailey, Harrisburg; Dr. E. A. Rose, Leechburg; R. G. Best, Kittanning; Richard A. McConnell, Ambridge; Myers B. Enterline, Milton; Morrison F. Lewis, Jeannette; William A. Hess, Bloomsburg; H. M. West, Jr., Apollo; G. Russell Bender, Pottstown; Charles H. Schnorr, New Kensington; C. R. Oaks, Connellsville; William Yates, Bellefonte, and Thomas J. Hill, Scott-dale; Acting E.R.'s F. E. Hoffard, Johnsonburg, and Peter C. Hartenstein, Hazelton; P.E.R.'s Harry B. Schiffman, Harrisburg; R. H. Dolbeer, Huntington; E. M. Shuler, Harrisburg; William S. Rohland,

Freeland; Oscar Howe, Harrisburg; Harold B. Rudisill, Hanover (all of Pennsylvania); Frank J. Rauch, Queens Borough, N. Y.; William J. Leslie, Phillipsburg, N. J.; E.R. Irvine J. Unger, Detroit, Mich.; Secy.'s A. S. Ruth, Hanover; James D. Moran, Queens Borough, N. Y.; T. E. McCullough, Apollo; William A. McCandless, Greensburg; A. J. Meh-ring, Harrisburg; Jacob Mamolen, Jersey Shore, and J. P. Harlow, Altoona; Est. Lead. Knights H. M. Hipple, Harrisburg, and Harry F. Miller, Hanover; Est. Loyal Knights L. Wanbaugh, Harrisburg; Charles G. Rathke, Bristol, and Alfred L. Eichelberger, Hanover; Est. Lect. Knight H. E. Zinn, Hanover; Esquires A. L. Becker, Hanover, and B. M. Kettering, Greensburg; Inner Guard John McWilliams, Harrisburg; Trustee H. S. Abrams, Harrisburg, and J. H. Armstrong, Altoona.

The 1936 Good-Will Tour

(Continued from page 27)

thousand which lie between the two cities. But they will get there on time and based upon past performances alone, it is safe to say that they will get there without accident.

Of course, without fine cars and fine equipment no such forecast could be attempted. But it is a sound prediction in view of the fact that this year, as before, Chevrolet automobiles will be used. The models are De Luxe Sedans, painted, as usual with the Elks official purple and white. Because a transcontinental run—under any conditions—calls for the sturdiest of tire equipment, both United States Tires and Goodrich Tires have been selected. Obviously a machine required to undergo the punishment incident to a journey of

this kind must be carefully serviced and supplied with only the finer kind of oils and greases. Hence Quaker State Motor Oils and Greases will be depended upon exclusively as they have been ever since the inception of the Good-Will Tours.

Six cars comprise this year's fleet, two of which will be used on each of the three cross-country highways. The first two will, upon leaving New York City, proceed into New England as far as Boston where they will then turn west and for the balance of their journey follow a central route to bring them into California in the vicinity of Sacramento. Unit No. 2 will go directly into New Jersey and visit lodges along the Hudson River and will arrive at the

New York State Elks Convention on May 31st. They will then visit upper New York and straighten out for their long journey across the Continent via a Northwestern route and will enter Pacific Coast territory at Spokane, Washington. From there they follow the Coast down to Los Angeles. The remaining two purple and white cars will leave Manhattan for the Jersey seacoast to take a southwestern route all the way into El Centro, California and will visit their respective ways up the Coast into Los Angeles. All three units will be started in New York City on Monday, May 25th and are due to arrive in Los Angeles, scene of the Grand Lodge Convention, on Sunday, July 12th.

PLAY SAFE!



NO OTHER TIRE GIVES YOU GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

Driver: "It was a blow-out! I couldn't steer—I couldn't stop!"

Policeman: "There ought to be a law against gambling on tires."

* * *

If you could see a blow-out in the making—if you could only realize the damage to limb, life and car that *one* blow-out might cause, you'd never take chances—you'd start right in to ride on Goodrich Silvertowns.

Amazing New Invention

Why? Because Silvertowns have something that no other tire in the world has—the Life-Saver Golden Ply—a special, scientific invention developed by Goodrich engineers to meet today's hectic driving conditions.

By resisting the heat generated inside the tire by today's breakneck speeds the Life-Saver Golden Ply keeps rubber from losing its grip on the tread—

it keeps dangerous heat blisters from forming. Thus, the dangerous high-speed blow-out that might have caused serious trouble never gets a start.

Remember these two facts:

1. Only Goodrich Silvertowns are built with the Golden Ply to protect you against these high-speed blow-outs.

2. Silvertowns have a "road drying" tread that acts like the windshield wiper on your car and makes you extra safe on wet, slippery roads.

If you're looking for tires that will give you *months* of extra mileage and greater riding comfort, then Silvertowns with their huskier shoulders are the tires for your motoring dollars.

Equip your car with the *safest, toughest, longest-lasting* tire that money can buy. See your Goodrich dealer about a set of Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. Remember they cost not a penny more than other standard tires!

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS.
PREVENT THOSE
BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS
HEAT-RESISTING
GOLDEN PLY

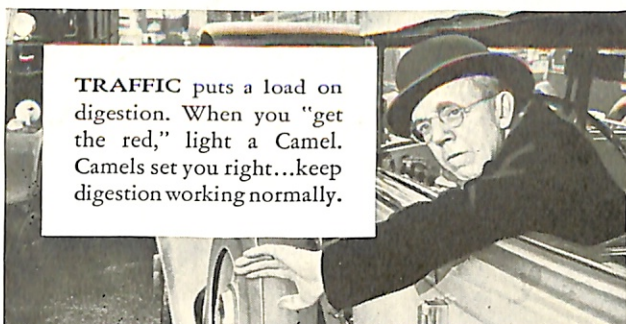


ELKS TOUR PICKS SILVERTOWNS

The drivers of the Elks Goodwill Tour cars can't afford to gamble on tires. They have a long, hard schedule to meet. That is why their "Convention Specials" are equipped with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.

The new **Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown**
With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

The fast pace of *Modern Living* puts an extra strain on Digestion



TRAFFIC puts a load on digestion. When you "get the red," light a Camel. Camels set you right...keep digestion working normally.

Natural digestive action notably increased by smoking Camels

People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! Smoking a Camel promotes digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness...the feeling of *well-being* fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!



GUESTS AT KUGLER'S, grand old Philadelphia restaurant, are shown above, as they enjoy choice foods. William, of Kugler's, who presides over the famous dining room, is speaking to one of the din-

ers. William says of Camels: "Camels and good food go together. Our patrons naturally prefer quality tobaccos, judging by the popularity that Camels enjoy here. So we try to keep well stocked with Camels."



"I ALWAYS take a big supply of Camels along," says William LaVarre, explorer. "They make any meal taste better—and digest easier." Mrs. LaVarre adds: "Camels help my digestion."



GEORGE LOTT, tennis star: "Camels have a beneficial effect—help me to enjoy what I eat and get more good out of it."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.



TUNE IN! Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe, Deane Janis, Ted Husong, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra.

Tuesday and Thursday—9 p.m.
E. S. T., 8 p.m. C. S. T., 9:30 p.m. M. S. T., 8:30 p.m. P. S. T.
—WABC-Columbia Network.



For Digestion's Sake

smoke Camels